MAYFAIR

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Vol. 17 No. 4

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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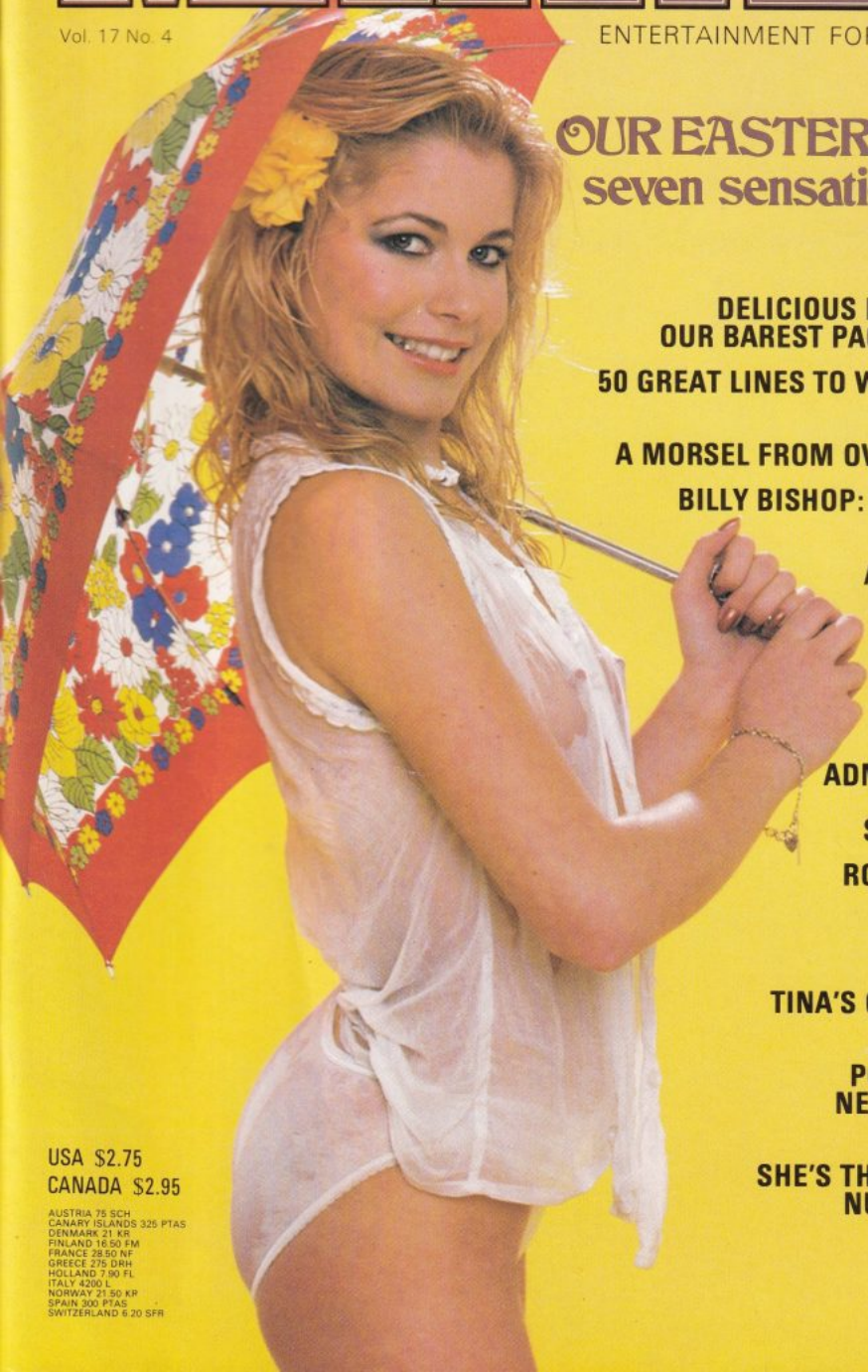

OUR EASTER PARADE: seven sensational chicks

DELICIOUS DEBBIE BOYLAND: OUR BAREST PAGE THREE BEAUTY

50 GREAT LINES TO WIN OVER WOMEN

FRENCH BRED: A MORSEL FROM OVER THE CHANNEL

BILLY BISHOP: A SHADOW FALLS ON A VC AIR ACE

A WARD WINNER: OUR 17-YEAR-OLD TRAINEE NURSE

LUCKY SEVENS: A CAVALCADE OF BABY AUSTINS

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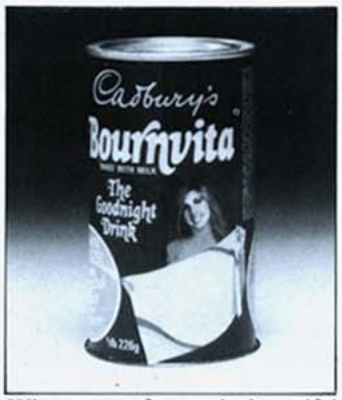
SCENE

Our humorous feature this month gives fifty opening lines for chatting up birds. We don't guarantee success with any of these gambits, but they seem to have worked for the author. For when we wrote to tell him we were about to use his feature the letter was returned. It seems that he has moved and forgotten to tell us his new address. Perhaps his lines have proved successful and he was too busy. . . . Either way, we'd like to keep contact with him, if only to send him occasional cheques!

And talking of opening lines reminds us of the true story told to us by an airline stewardess. A very well-known and popular, but rather short, comedian boarded her flight one day and arrogantly inquired, 'Hello darling, what would you say to a little fuck?' Without batting an eyelid, she replied, 'Hello, you little fuck.'

If you have ever looked for a girl to cosset and pamper, then how about Nina Taylor, who is this month's cover-girl? Nina really needed a reassuring arm around her for when she undertook the gruelling photo-session she was suffering from a nasty dose of flu. But being the professional she is, Nina faced the hot lights even with her yellow plastic mac practically melting around her.

Nina's a Worcestershire girl whose career really took off last December when she became a *Starbird*. Eagle-eyed viewers may also spot her dancing on a new BBC Midlands pop programme, *Track One*. Sadly though, Nina is too shy to appear inside *Mayfair*, so straight after this cover shot, Nina was back in the Midlands helping out in her boyfriend's hairdressing salon. Flu or no flu, we would love to see her again whenever she's in London.



When we featured beautiful Lizzie Williams in Vol 16 No 12, we said she had appeared on the Cadbury's Bournvita tin. Since then we've had requests from readers asking to see what she looked like on the label. Well, Cadbury's found a photo of the label for us, so here she is, sweet and warming. . .

We all find ourselves having to make excuses from time to time, so we were relieved to find a copy of Christopher Ward's useful new book, *Our Cheque is in the Post* (Pan, £1.00). He covers almost every conceivable situation where an excuse might come in handy, from not finishing a hostess's food to superb lines for turning down a pass, like, 'If I went to bed with you I'd fall in love with you, and I don't want to do that' or 'I'd miss my bus'. But for a surefire way of escaping from a female who is determined to have her way with you, ask for a glass of water and then make a performance of swallowing some pills, which is easy enough to fake. No woman will be able to resist asking what they are for, so you reply, with feigned embarrassment. 'Nothing important, just one of those stubborn little infections.' You then add that you shouldn't really be drinking alcohol and change the subject, shifting your buttocks in apparent discomfort.

Our favourite excuse was one given to the police following an accident. A chap smashed up his car and ended up in hospital for a week with minor injuries. While there he was visited by the police who cautioned him and charged him with dangerous driving. When the summons eventually arrived at his home, he didn't open it but wrote on the official envelope, 'Addressee deceased as a result of head injuries sustained in motor accident one month ago. Return to sender.' He then handed back the recorded delivery letter and never heard another word.

JIGSAW GIRL

When Lynda appeared in *Mayfair* wearing her wet, white smock she was an instant hit with readers. So now we've turned the wet-look Lynda into a puzzle of a jigsaw

Lynda – one of the most popular girls to appear in *Mayfair* – is now immortalised on a wooden jigsaw puzzle. It measures 11½ in by 8½ in, and costs only £3.15, including postage and plain packing. This superb picture of Lynda wearing nothing but a dripping wet, white smock is mounted on a wooden backing and then hand cut into a jigsaw puzzle. This is then contained on a stiff hardboard backing for despatch. So treat yourself to a pretty puzzler by completing the coupon today, or treat a friend because Lynda makes a perfect present.

To: Mayfair Jigsaw Offer, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me ( ) jigsaws of Lynda at £3.15 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for .....

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The sales success of our bullet jewellery proves we were right on target with this superlative merchandise. For only £11.95 you can buy a set of 22 carat gold-plated cufflinks with a 9 mm bullet, while for £9.40 we offer a gold-plated bracelet with a 9 mm bullet in men's and ladies' sizes. And for just £8.50 our other item of jewellery is the popular gold-plated bullet pendant on a necklace. A toughened silver-type keyring with a .38 bullet at £5.25 completes the range. All bullets are genuine, less firing caps, and each item comes in a sateen-lined presentation box. Prices include VAT, postage and packing. Please allow 21 days for delivery of goods.

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'Sorry, Minister, I thought I heard someone say "please enter".'

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Recently, I was sitting watching a television show called *OTT* and at one point I saw something that really made me sit up and take notice. A girl, as a penalty for getting a question wrong in a quiz, was made to take her teeshirt top off and revealed beneath it a magnificent pair of breasts. Who was she? I believe her name was Julia. If you could trace her, it would be great to see her in the magazine. She is obviously rightly proud of her wonderful boobs.
JWT, Woking

How great it was to see more of Julia Humphries, the bold Brummie, after her appearance on *OTT*. That set has become a part of my permanent collection. Let's see her again soon.
BCS, Tipton

As a businessman who regularly goes to the National Exhibition Centre, may I say how good it was to see Julia Humphries in the magazine. Sadly I missed her appearance outside the NEC, when she appeared in nothing but a pair of shorts, but I did see her on *OTT*. It is a pleasure to have a permanent reminder of her stunning figure.
CLT, Watford

What a pleasant surprise it was to see Julia Humphries in *Mayfair*, so soon after her debut on *OTT*. However did you manage to get hold of her so quickly? I would love to see her again. Is there any chance of another look? Or perhaps you could let us know when she is going to be on television again.
Arthur Graham, Powys

As many of you spotted, Julia Humphries, the girl who established a reputation for her eye-catching behaviour by stripping off her top on ITV's OTT, *was by chance in* Mayfair *that very same month. Unfortunately it was far too late to point out this television appearance to our readers. However, if you missed her in* Mayfair, *don't worry. Back issues of Vol 17 No 2, featuring more of Julia than even* OTT *could show are still available for £1.30 including postage and packing.*

Congratulations on your Christmas edition. It was another BUMper collection, TITillating and a LEGacy well worth handing down. The best cracker of them all was Michelle from Edgbaston. She's got the lot and it proves that the most important measurement on a girl is the cup size of her boobs. Although only 34 inches, Michelle, because she has a D cup, has one of the best pairs to appear in *Mayfair*. Seven pictures of those were almost more than I could bear. Please let's see her again this year. I wonder what she looks like in blue bra, belt and briefs? Wow!
Luckily my present partner has a D cup bra and is 37 inches with a bottom measuring about the same. We have invented a routine that lets her show off both her cleavages at the same time. We have a long mirror mounted on the wall with another opposite it. She stands topless with her back close to one mirror and her panties pulled half way down her bottom. If she turns slightly, I can watch her rear cleavage and the reflection of her big round boobs all in the opposite mirror. When she wriggles her behind, her boobs swing a bit and the effect is electric. She says it turns her on as much as it does me, especially if she wears a half-cup bra and her nipples rub against the lace as she jiggles. They come up like two berries. The action part of the routine depends on my standing with my back close enough for her to put her hand between my legs and hold my hard-on at a right angle to my body. She likes to ease it backwards and forwards and as she does my balls rub gently along her wrist. That turns her on too apparently and she has been known to frig herself to orgasm watching me, watching her. When two dedicated voyeurs get together the sky's the limit!
JD, Southampton

The gorgeous Julia: on 'OTT', left, and in Mayfair *Vol 17 No 2.*

Having read both Norman Friedman's *Carrier Air Power* and the interesting Skua article in Vol 17 No 1, may I make the following comments.
The capabilities of the Skua stemmed directly from two of the Navy's tactics at that time.
Firstly, Fleet Air Defence which thanks to the Admiralty's pro-gun lobby, was given over to the anti-aircraft batteries of the surface units, as indicated by the *Ark Royal*'s very heavy gun armament. This is why *Ark*'s Skuas stayed in their hangars, they were never designed to engage anything more potent than

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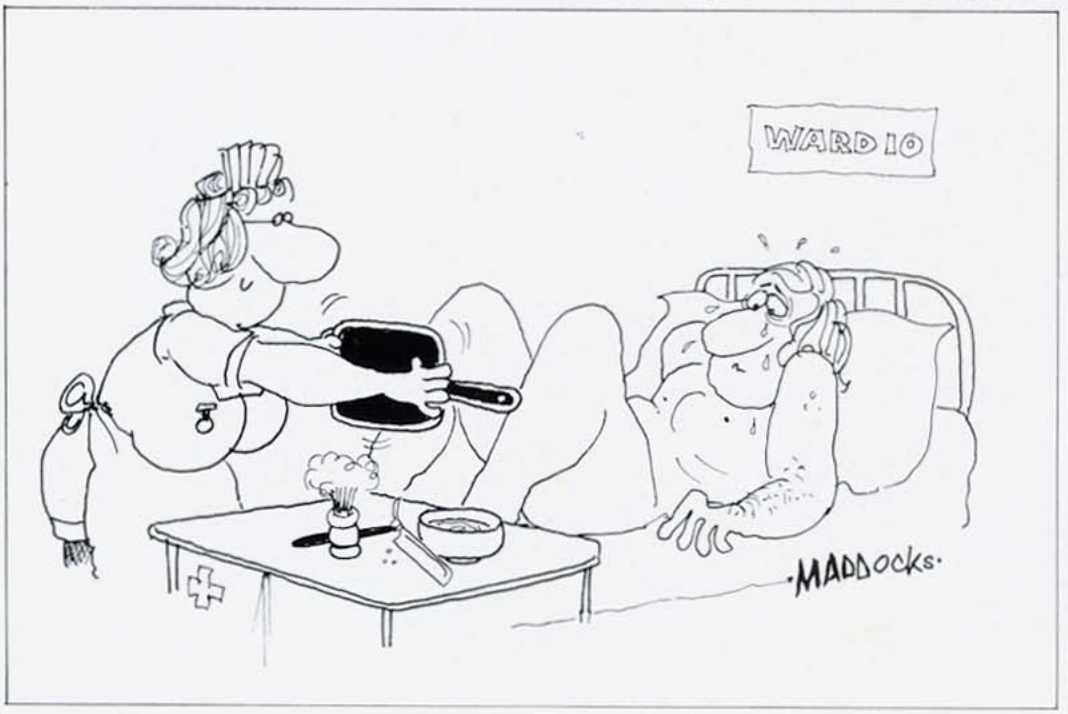


Tina's photo finish fantasy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC HOWARD

A warm afternoon at Aintree. Shouting crowds throng the stands as the Grand National runners thunder round for the second time. Only six survivors left and three fences to go. A russet-maned Arab in the lead, and streaking ahead – its diminutive, red and white-silked jockey hunched high over the saddle. But a sudden hush quietens the crowd. Whispers fly, necks crane. Strained by the exertions of the ride, the jockey's silks have come undone. Gasps and then cheers burst out. For no smooth masculine chest is revealed, nor even a discreet vest – but round, stiff-nippled, 35-inch breasts! With auburn tresses shaking loose beneath her cap, shapely 22-year-old Tina Howard (35-23-35) rides to a topless victory.

Five feet three-inch Tina giggles at the thought of her wildest daydream. 'I was brought up close to Newmarket and I've always been keen on the racing scene. I love the jockeys' silks too, so my naughtiest fantasies have always had a racy tinge. When I feel *really* naughty my jockey shorts rip too and all the riders behind me go crashing through the rail!'

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

The lads didn't believe in the power of that potion, so I put a few drops in her drink. Then I slipped a hand under her hem and up her leg. She smiled . . .

The Juice

Fiction by Barrie Rands

She's perched on a bar stool, legs crossed, her skirt riding high up her leg, displaying a wide expanse of lightly tanned thigh.

"Just look at that, lads," says Barney, jerking a thumb in her direction and talking out of the corner of his mouth, Barney's concession to tact.

"Already seen it, Barney," I reply, but I still look.

Her hair is long, freshly washed and a gorgeous shade of blonde, natural if I'm any judge and believe me, I am.

"What wouldn't I give for an hour with that?" muses Ted. "Marvellous isn't it?"

"Why don't you stop dreaming, Ted?" remarks Stan. "If you had an hour with it, you wouldn't know what to do."

Ted scowls but he doesn't argue. Ted's track record isn't good; in fact, between you and me, it's abysmal, but he doesn't realise just how close he is to a break-through.

"Just look at those tits," marvels Barney. "What do you think of them?"

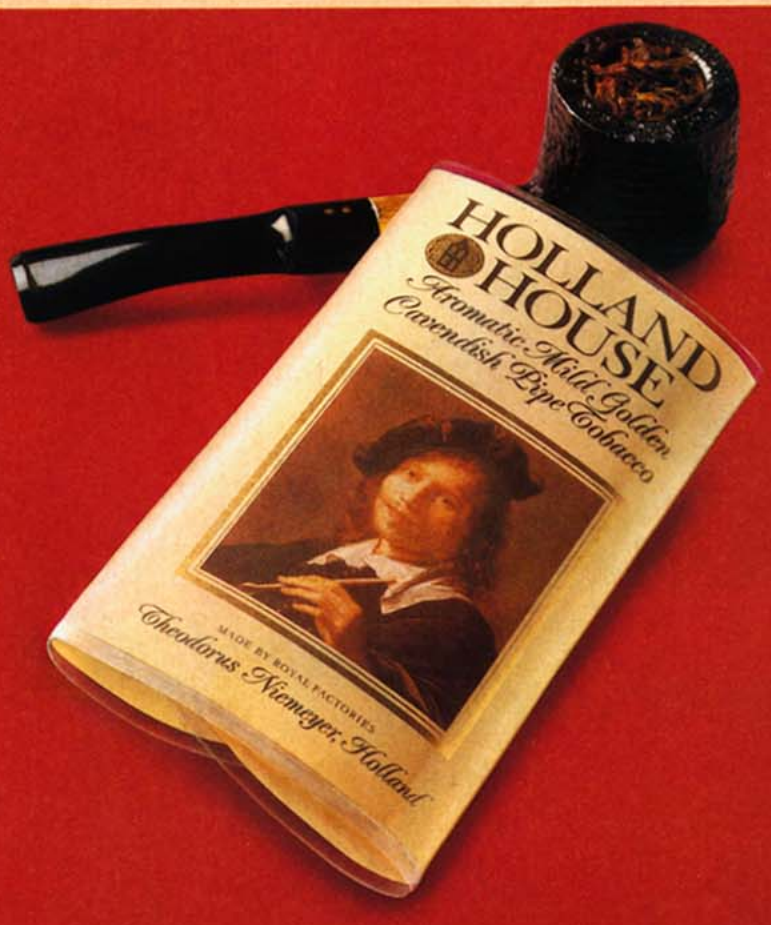
"I think they're so good," I reply, "that it's criminal to cover them up. What say we try and make a citizen's arrest?"

"Shall I go and give her some chat?" suggests Stan; who, I'm forced to admit, is the smartest, most charming and second best-looking bloke at the table.

"No, Stan," I protest gently. "Why not let Ted have a go? He needs a bit of luck and if he could cut his teeth on that, he'd be set for life."

Stan laughs derisively and Barney looks at me as if I've announced my intention to join

Rich as a Rubens,
rare as a Rembrandt.



AROMATIC MILD GOLDEN CAVENDISH PIPE TOBACCO

a club for octogenarian disabled eunuchs.
"You are joking?" he confirms. "Aren't you?"
"No," I confirm. "He can do it."
"Him?" cries Stan, wiping a tear from the corner of his eye and holding his stomach. He's got a cruel sense of humour, has Stan.
"He's a good lad," he continues, bringing his mirth under control, "but there's no way he's ever going to pull a bird like that."
We all take another look and I must admit that she does look a bit special. I'll bet she's got an Afghan hound tied up outside and does her shopping in Knightsbridge. What's more, in the normal course of events, I'd agree with the others that the most Ted could get from a girl like that would be a black eye. No, tell a lie, he could very probably get a kick in the plums if he had a real off-night.
Anyway, it's all largely academic because in my pocket, this memorable night, I have a small bottle of 'the juice'.
"What about it, Ted?" I ask. "Think you can do it?"
Poor Ted is blushing nipple pink. The poor sod is really squirming.
"She does look a bit posh, doesn't she? Sort of untouchable."
"Very touchable, I'd say," corrects Barney.
"No," continues Ted. "I don't think I'll push my luck tonight."
"Listen," I say. "I'm going to do you a favour. Do you see this?"
I pull the bottle out of my pocket. It's an aspirin bottle with the label soaked off but that's neither here nor there, because it's what's inside it that counts.
"What's that?"
"It's the juice," I say, my voice down to a whisper.
"It looks like an aspirin bottle with cold tea in it," sneers Stan, ever the sceptic, but I ignore him.
"Suppose I was to tell you that a couple of shakes of this in her drink would put that girl completely in your power, would you believe me?"
"Do you think I'm stupid?" asks Ted.
"I think you're stupid if you don't try it."
"Piss off!" says Ted. "If it worked, you wouldn't be offering it to me would you?"
I scowl; wouldn't you? You try and do a bloke a good turn and he throws it back in your face. As it is, I'm a sucker for an underdog which, in case you're confused, is not some perverse practice but a truly fitting description of our virginal companion.
"Want me to prove it to you?" I challenge, and their faces change from contempt to "hey, he's actually serious" expressions.
"What is this wonder juice then?" inquires Stan, but I tap my nose.
"That is a secret, my friend. A very expensive and illegal secret. If I got caught with this, I'd be in a lot of trouble, I'm telling you. It's power is enormous. You wouldn't believe what it can do."
"You're right, I don't," admits Stan and rises from his seat, ready to get the next round of drinks in.
"Right, I'll show you then," I announce and stand up, my hackles bristling, though I don't think anyone notices.
I follow Stan to the bar and we position

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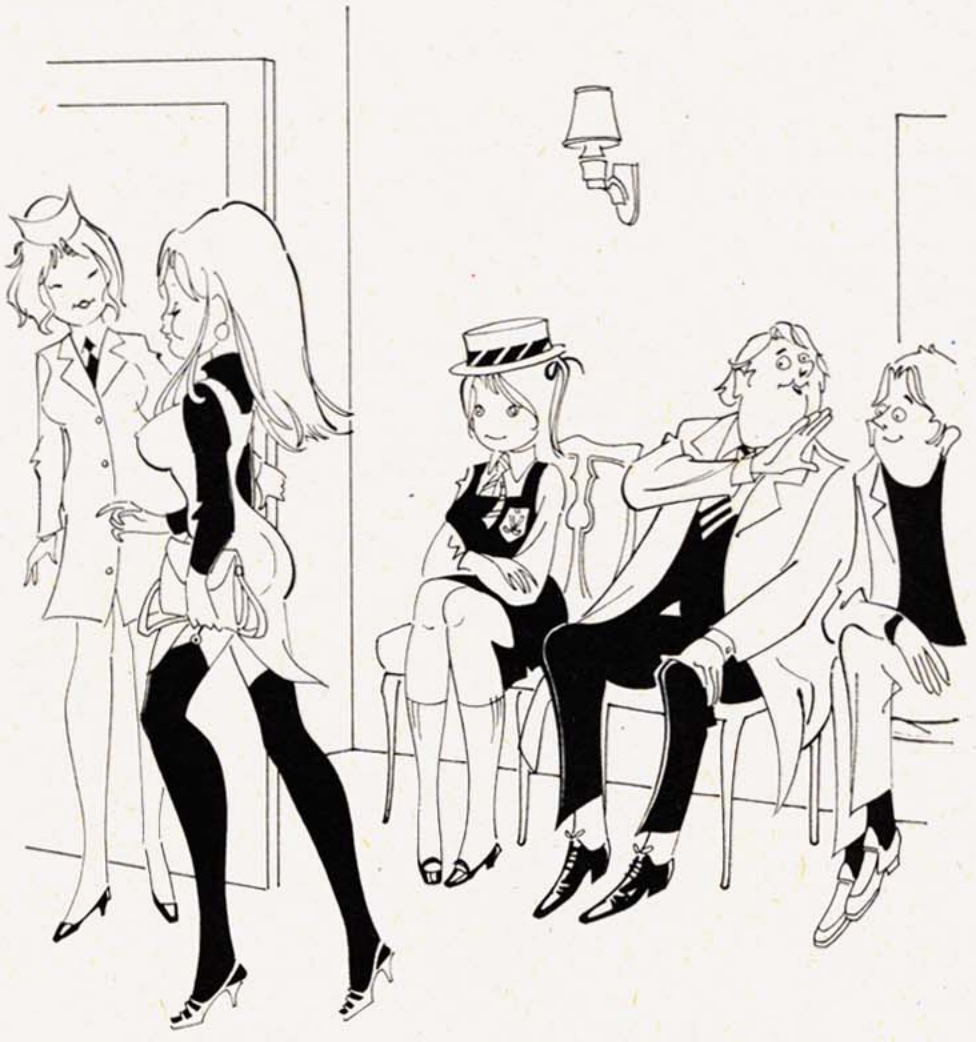

'If I were the doctor, I'd give her a thorough examination.'

Erotic Practices

Ethically, doctors are not allowed to become sexually involved with patients. But cartoonist Paul White fantasies on what may happen had he taken the hypocratic oath

'I have a nurse present, Miss Prodmore, to make you feel more at ease.'

'I wish you wouldn't, nurse — cigarettes can seriously damage your health.'

'You see? It's not what you've got, it's the way you use it.'

'And that was a little extra you'd be lucky to find on the National Health Service.'

'My husband says I'm a fantastic lover but I'd like a second opinion.'

'My wife doesn't understand me — she thinks I'm a hypochondriac.'

'You were right, doctor, I didn't feel a thing.'

'Three new patients, doctor, and watch it, their previous practitioners were all struck off.'

Petre

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Over the centuries Britain's *Entente Cordiale* with our good Gallic neighbours might have suffered the odd hiccup, like Agincourt and Trafalgar, but in the mind of 19-year-old, 34-23-34 inch Petre Laurant we are inseparable.

The reason is simple. Though
born and bred in Boulogne, five feet
six inches Petre has a scattering
of relatives and friends along the Kent
coast, and spent long summers
in her childhood and adolescence
exploring the flat acres of
Romney Marsh and Camber's rolling dunes.
The effect was to turn her into
a confirmed anglophile. And to prove it
she now lives in south London.

A PA in a large European firm, she takes mild exception to the British male's attitude to French women. 'I'm supposed to be chic, sophisticated, a "woman of the world" simply because of my accent. Sometimes that really annoys me,' she complains.

'On the other hand I must admit that when a man does take my fancy I do tend to play it up. Then he thinks he's getting something a little out of the ordinary.' Hazel eyes sparkle. 'But *l'amour* is the same in any language. I'm glad to say!'

The Juice

continued from page 18

ourselves on the far side of the blonde, peeking over her shoulder, trying to see down the front of her dress. She smells all fresh and sweet, but we can't see a damn thing, so it's all down to the juice.

Carefully, slowly, I reach past her and give the bottle a tiny shake over her glass, so that a few drops of the precious liquid run into her drink. Stan is watching with widening eyes. He really didn't believe me, did he? Anyway, the job is done and all we have to do now is wait for her to take a drink. As if by magic, a slender, manicured hand snakes out, lifts the glass and transports it to her lips. I feel like Lucretia Borgia in drag, only better, because my dirty deeds really are.

"I'll check that she's programmed," I say to Stan, not troubling to lower my voice because I know she will be. I've used the Juice before.

"Programmed?"

"Yes. Under the influence. Listen to this."

I tap her on the shoulder and she turns round, gazing at me with wide blue eyes, brushing her fringe of golden hair to one side with elegant fingers.

"Yes?" she says.

"Hi," I say. "I really would like to fondle your breasts. Any chance?"

"Sure, why not?" she replies, smiling and thrusting them towards me.

"Er, not here, love," I say, glancing around anxiously at the people gathered in the lounge. "What about over at that corner table in a few minutes?"

"Sure, why not?"

"That's twice she's said that," observes Stan. "Is she alright? I mean to say, does she know what the hell you're asking?"

"Yes and no," I confess. "She's completely under my influence now and will do anything I ask, so in that respect, yes she knows what I'm asking. But on the other hand her own conscious will has been sublimated and in that respect, no, she hasn't got a bloody clue."

"That's unbelievable," gasps Stan. "You can really make her do anything?"

"You watch me," I answer with a grin.

We take our drinks back to our table in the corner. Barney and Ted are all eyeballs.

"You did it! You spoke to her!"

"*Did he*?!" enthuses Stan. "You should have heard it. This bloody juice seems to work."

"Go on," sneers Barney. "Just because he happens to say the right thing to a bird doesn't mean that his potion is working."

"Hey, she's coming over!" Ted looks all set to wet himself, the prospect of meeting such a tasty-looking girl proving almost too much for him.

"Yes, move along and let her through. I want her in the corner here."

They shift around and she arrives at the table, smiling and relaxed.

"Come and sit down," I suggest, and sure enough she does just that, edging her way between Ted and Barney and settling on my left. I've calculated that unless somebody actually comes over to our corner to speak to us we should be fairly sheltered. It's one of those pubs with 'romantic' nooks.

"Right then," I venture, "lets have them shall we?" The others look on, astonished.

She half turns in her seat and I put my left arm round her shoulders. I gently ease her back and take her left breast in my other hand, kneading it firmly through her dress.

A quick glance at my companions tells me that they're impressed. Well, be honest, aren't you? They haven't seen anything yet, of course, but the night is young.

I can feel her nipple hardening under the fabric and whilst I'd love to take a look, I still have vague reservations about the wisdom of stripping her down above table level. There's at least one old chap who looks like he'd choke on his mild if a big, bare boofty floated into his line of vision.

In the event, I decide to head south, to warmer climes so to speak, and I slip my hand under the table and rummage around for the hem of her dress, finding it in double quick time and, more to the point, brushing her warm, smooth leg just above the knee.

"No objections if I go inside your drawers, love, have you?" I say and she fixes me with a stare that could just be called angry.

Barney nudges Stan.

"See," he says, "I told you it wasn't a wonder drug."

"Of course I'd object," says the girl.

"You would?" I can't believe it. The Juice has never failed before.

"Yes I would," she says, "because you won't find me in them. I don't wear any."

I slide my hand up the inside of her thigh and sure enough she is proved to be a lady of considerable honesty, not to mention considerable charm.

"Are you there?" whispers Ted urgently, his breath blasting against my face in an alcoholic gust.

"See for yourself," I reply. "Drop your cigarettes or something."

Ted's cigarettes hit the floor and he follows them like a man who's waited twenty years for a smoke.

"Bloody hell," says a muffled voice, and the table lurches. Stan bends to see if Ted's alright. Ted gets such a shock to be tapped on the shoulder that all six foot of him appears to straighten guiltily. The table tips and the glasses go flying. All eyes turn to our romantic nook and I'm caught holding hers. A hasty retreat is called for and the last I see of her is as I hasten through the lounge bar doors and hit the street . . .

"I reckon that that was just luck," says Barney. "She must have been on the game or something."

I shrug. What do I care? I'm the guy with the Juice and I know its worth. In fact, I say as much and walk on, hands in pockets, whistling casually.

"But how much is it?" asks Ted, scurrying after me.

"Expensive," I say. "A bottle like mine costs about half a ton."

"Fifty quid?"

"'Fraid so. I reckon it's worth it, mind."

"So do I," enthuses Ted.

"You liked it did you?"

"Liked it? All I want to know is where do I get it?"

"That would be telling," I say. "It comes from a very heavy guy. I'm not sure I can tell you."

"Come on," he whines. "Give me a break. I could use some of that action."

"You're a sucker," says Barney, who has caught up with us.

"At least let's see it work again. That would prove it where one bird in a bar, who was probably on the game anyway, wouldn't," adds Stan.

"Listen," I say. "I don't see why I should use up the last of my current supply proving anything to you lot. I started out trying to do Ted a favour, that's all."

"Well do me a favour," begs Ted. "Let's see it work once more and then get me some."

I scowl.

"Alright," I say, pulling the bottle from my pocket and examining the last of the contents under the street lamp. "We'll use it on the first likely looking bird that comes along this street, and take her back to my place."

The street is quiet. It always is after dark. I've found that much out after living for a month in this neighbourhood, but as I point out to my companions, there is little likelihood of 'working girls' wasting their time in

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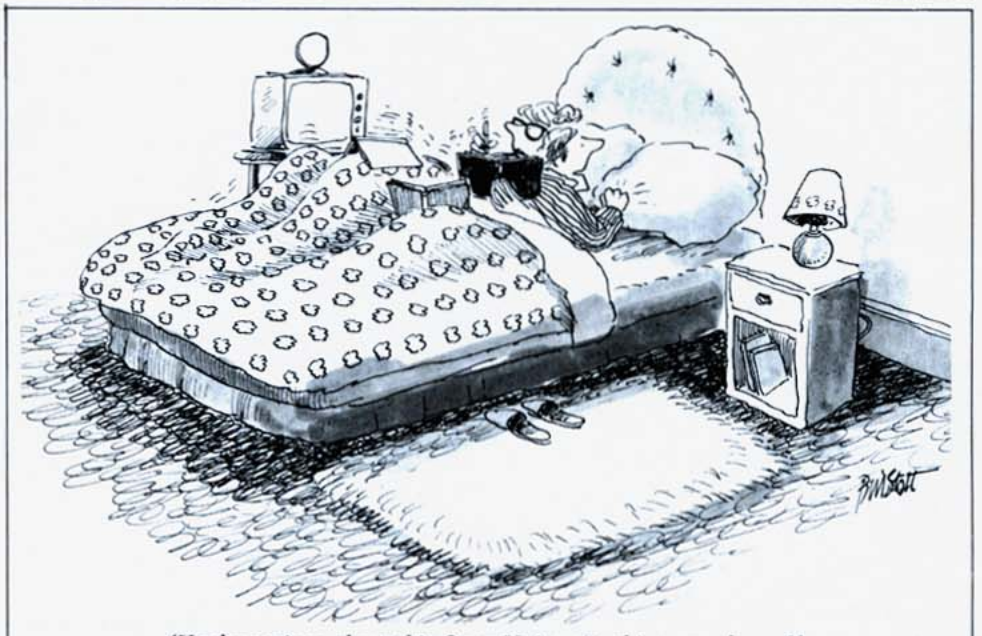

'You're serious about this Open University thing, aren't you?'

Billy Bishop won a VC, two DSOs, an MC and DFC. He was one of the greatest aces ever. Today a shadow falls over his amazing exploits ...

by Edwyn Gray

THE WHITE KNIGHT~ with a tinge of grey

He once shot down five enemy aircraft in the space of two hours. And he fought more than 200 battles in the bloody skies over the Western Front. He won the VC, the DSO and bar, the MC and the DFC. He duelled with Richthofen and survived. He challenged Goering to single combat. Yet he was barely 24-years-old and a full-ranking lieutenant colonel when the war ended in 1918. And with 72 confirmed victories to his credit he was one of the world's great fighter pilots. His name was William Avery Bishop. And,

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

as King George V once had the occasion to notice, his boots squeaked!

The son of a prosperous lawyer, Bishop had been studying engineering at the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario, when the Kaiser's war-machine rumbled into Belgium and brought the British Empire into the conflict. Giving up his studies and volunteering for service in Europe, Bishop was commissioned as a lieutenant in the Missisauga Horse and, in January 1915, found himself crossing the Atlantic in a Canadian troopship. He arrived in England fifteen days later with 690 sea-sick horses and nearly as many equally unhappy cavalry troopers. It was hardly an encouraging start for an eager young war hero. And, to add insult to injury, instead of going straight into action on the Western Front Bishop found himself wallowing in the mud of an English training camp while a virulent influenza bug decimated his regiment more quickly and efficiently than an enemy machine gun nest at point blank range.

Neither mud nor bugs held much appeal for the young subaltern. He had come to Europe to fight the Germans. And fight was what he intended to do. The question was – how? The answer came unexpectedly one afternoon while he was taking a brief respite from the sweat and grime of the horse-lines. And it came in the shape of a small RFC scout aircraft that gave a breathtaking display of aerobatics over the training camp. The clean and wholesome arena of the limitless blue sky stood in sharp contrast to the mud and squalor of the horse-lines. And watching the tiny machine soaring and stunting in a game of hide-and-seek in the clouds Bishop suddenly knew what he wanted. Never a man to waste time he applied for a transfer to the Royal Flying Corps that same evening.

It was the period of the Fokker scourge when Germany's new synchronised machineguns were knocking Allied flying machines out of the skies like proverbial nine-pins. Casualties were heavy, morale was low, and there was no dearth of vacancies. Bishop's reputation as a crack shot plus his phenomenally keen eyesight was more than sufficient to get his application approved.

In 1915 the survival life of an RFC observer on the Western Front was estimated at a maximum of 30 flying hours – and many said even that was optimistic. There was no formal pre-flight training. The PBO (Poor Bloody Observer) was stuck in the back seat, or in the case of the Fe-2b the front seat, and had to learn the hard way. When Corporal Arch Whitehouse joined 22 Squadron in 1915, for example, he was only given time to dump his kitbag in the mess hut before being sent on patrol – less then 24 hours after leaving the trenches. He had never been in an aircraft before and had received no instruction in sky-fighting although, admittedly, he was a qualified machine-gunner. And, incredible as it may seem, he shot down an Albatros on that very first patrol!

Bishop was not so lucky. Assigned to reconnaissance duties, artillery spotting and the occasional light relief of a bombing sortie, he flew day after day as back-seat passenger in hundreds of routine patrols over the battle-torn trenches of Flanders. And although

William Bishop as a Lieutenant wearing the 'single-wing' of an RFC Observer.

often under attack from anti-aircraft guns which, despite their lack of sophistication, were surprisingly accurate, he was never called upon to engage a hostile aircraft. His job was to observe – not fight. And in his four months of reconnaissance work he built up an enviable reputation for his dedication to duty and utter lack of fear.

In an attempt to escape from the purgatory of the Be-2's back-seat he applied for training as a scout pilot. But good observers were much too valuable to spare and he got nowhere. Then fortune smiled upon him in a typically paradoxical manner. In the spring of 1916 his pilot crash-landed and Bishop's knee was badly injured as the machine hit the ground. He spent several months in hospital during which time the authorities reconsidered his application, changed their minds, and assigned him for pilot training at a flying school in a back area behind the fighting line.

Surprisingly Bishop did not shine as a star pupil and admitted that he was a 'ham-handed' pilot. At the height of his subsequent fame he once rated flying ability as only the third most important attribute of a fighter pilot – considering accurate shooting and tactics to be more essential qualities. But having finally completed his flying training and gained the coveted wings of a qualified pilot in war-torn France, Bishop's burning eagerness to fight was thwarted once more and, instead of being sent to the front, he was posted to England to join a squadron engaged on anti-Zeppelin patrols over the Thames estuary. Yet again Bishop was back to the boredom and routine he had struggled to avoid. And during hundreds of hours on patrol he sighted nothing more exciting than a few belligerent seagulls.

But his dreams of action were about to be realised and, on March 7, 1917, he was assigned to 60 Squadron which was stationed in the Vimy Ridge area of the front. And, by lucky chance, one of England's greatest air aces, Captain Albert Ball, was a member of the same unit. Ball, who at that time had already been credited with 29 victories, was a strange young man. Often anti-social, he would sit in his quarters for hours, surrounded by freshly cut flowers, listening to classical music on his beloved gramophone. And this ill-assorted pair, one the son of a Lord Mayor and the other fresh from the virgin spaces of Ontario, became firm friends. But within two months of Bishop joining the Squadron, Albert Ball was dead – killed in action. In the spring of 1917 life in the air was glorious but brief.

Ball's skill as a fighter inspired the Canadian and, recognising something of himself in the young newcomer, he took Billy under his wing. It was Ball who warned Bishop about Richthofen's Flying Circus. Telling him how the blood red Albatros D IIIs always fought in formation and only sought battle when surprise or superior numbers were in their favour. As Ball explained, drawing diagrams to illustrate his point, their usual tactic was to pick off the stragglers and the lame ducks. And even then only when the odds were at least five to one. They were, he added disparagingly, head-hunters not fighting men. 'If you want to survive you must fly to kill,' he told Bishop. It was a bloodthirsty sentiment but it appealed to the young Canadian.

As it happened Bishop's first combat flight over the lines was also very nearly his last. Going up with five other Nieuports he was given the tail-end Charlie spot. And he soon discovered that he wasn't cut out for formation work. He encountered difficulty in maintaining the correct distance behind the other aircraft and, allowing his mind to wander, he missed the flight leader's signal. Suddenly he found himself alone in the wide blue sky with the rest of the formation already a mile astern and flying in the opposite direction. Putting his Nieuport into a steep banking turn he roared off in pursuit. The other aircraft swung around to meet him and, having chivvied him back into position, the formation turned again and resumed its interrupted course for home. It had been a lucky escape for, unknown to Bishop, a group of five scarlet Albatros scouts had been about to pounce on the straggler. Only the sudden about-turn of the other Nieuports had saved his life.

On March 25 Bishop fought his first battle. Taking off with two companions the three aircraft had penetrated deep into enemy territory and were flying at 9,000 feet when six German scouts swooped from behind cloud cover to cut off their retreat. The Nieuports executed a quick loop which left the enemy pilots firing into empty air and then, twisting like hawks in search of prey, they turned tables on their opponents by diving on the tails of the Albatros machines. One aircraft fell slightly behind the others and Bishop was signalled to go after it. Closing to 50 yards he gave it a quick burst from his wing-mounted Lewis gun and saw the Albatros flip over onto its back before spiralling dizzily towards the ground. But Ball had warned Bishop of this particular subterfuge and the Canadian was not deceived.

Following the machine down he saw the pilot pull out of the spin at 2,000 feet and streak

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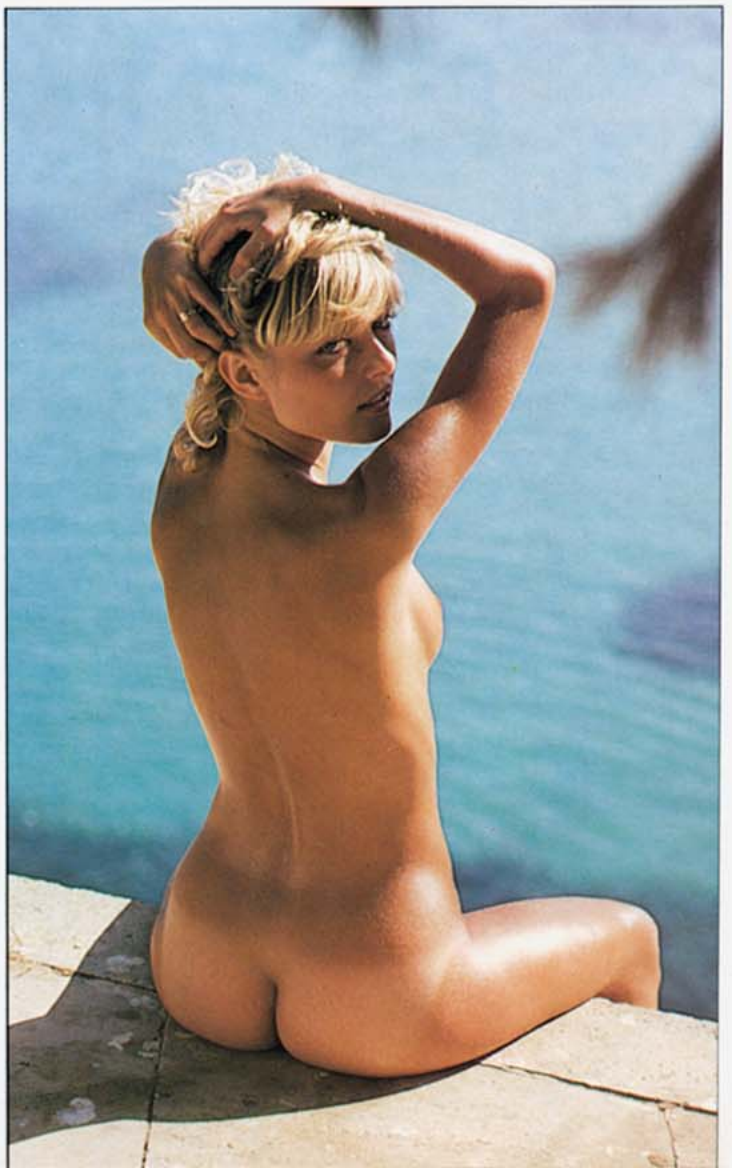
Hazel

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN SASS

Packed with tourists, the ferry eases out of the picturesque Greek island harbour into the early summer sun. High on a clifftop a blonde sunworshipper waves happily. The tourists wave back. Then the sharper-eyed pause. Not only is the blonde topless but bare-bottomed too. 'I swear that the boat swerved!' laughs 20-year-old 34-23-34 inch Hazel MacDonald.



Hazel's clifftop 'performance' occurred during a Mediterranean photo session earlier this year. But a neglect for clothes isn't entirely inappropriate for her. Daughter of a successful jeweller and silversmith, she's convinced the most important aspect of a girl's wardrobe is the jewellery she wears. To prove it, she designs and makes her own. 'People don't realise how easy it is to buy silver and gold from a wholesaler. You can get enough for a single ring, for example, very cheaply. I hope to make my own wedding ring one day.' Any offers, gentlemen?

It's what you first say to a girl that determines your chances with her. So it's vital you have a stock of good chat-up lines ready for use. Martin Harris, with tongue in cheek – for want of anywhere better to put it – presents his 50 favourite opening gambits.

50 ways to get up in her place– or be put in yours

In his exhaustive study of Biological Unilateral Love/Lust Specifics in Human Interpersonal Transactions (BULLSHIT for short), Martin Harris has analysed the standard 50 opening gambits used by the male of the human species.

The fact that these approaches are used and categorisable does not mean, of course, that they work. Indeed, in his research Martin Harris has constantly expressed some surprise at the continuance of the species.

This project, however, is the fail-safe aspect of the BULLSHIT studies, and it is hoped that the publication of the 50 Best Opening Gambits, or 50 BOG system, will go some considerable way towards averting the extinction of Homo Sapiens.

So much is known about the mechanics of sex. Massive advice on improvement of the quality of the sexual experience is screamed at us from the advice columns, the sex magazines, the blue midnight movies, the radio chat shows.

What's missing? How to *get* it in the first place (never mind improve it!), how to make contact, how to score – to reach that magical moment in a relationship when you say – or better still when she says – 'Your place or mine?'

Despite our knowledge of the pyrotechnics and acrobatics of sex, men the world over are still faced with that awful moment when, having gawped with organ stop eyes at her tits, legs or bum for twenty minutes across the crowded lounge bar or dance floor, they stand face to face with the woman they want. And they are paralytic with fear, tongue-tied with self-consciousness, bereft of a single word or conversational piece to get the ball rolling.

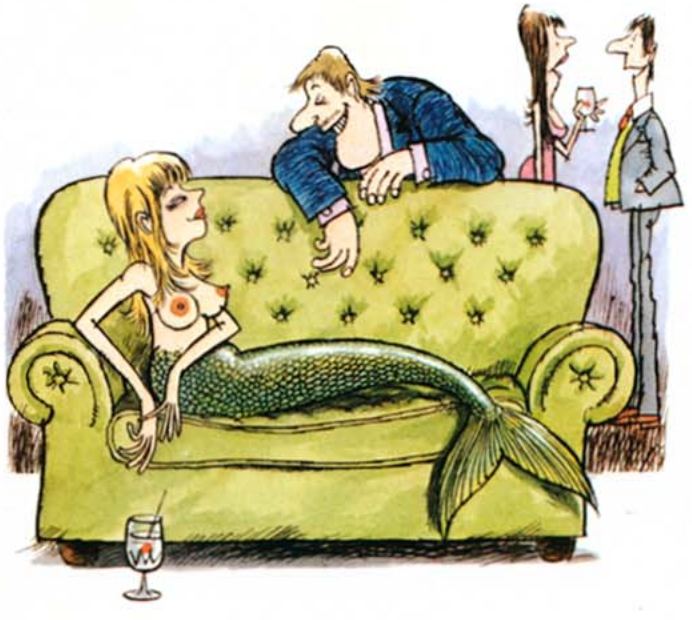
It is these first few moments of any encounter which are vital. A few golden words delivered with casual ease and confidence into her shell-like ear at this point and she will be yours for the night, putty in your sweaty palms. But *which words?* The 50 BOG system will tell you this secret. *You need only master that initial moment* and the world's women are *all yours*. Read on – a whole new world of excitement lies before you.

THE BASIC OR DIRECT APPROACH

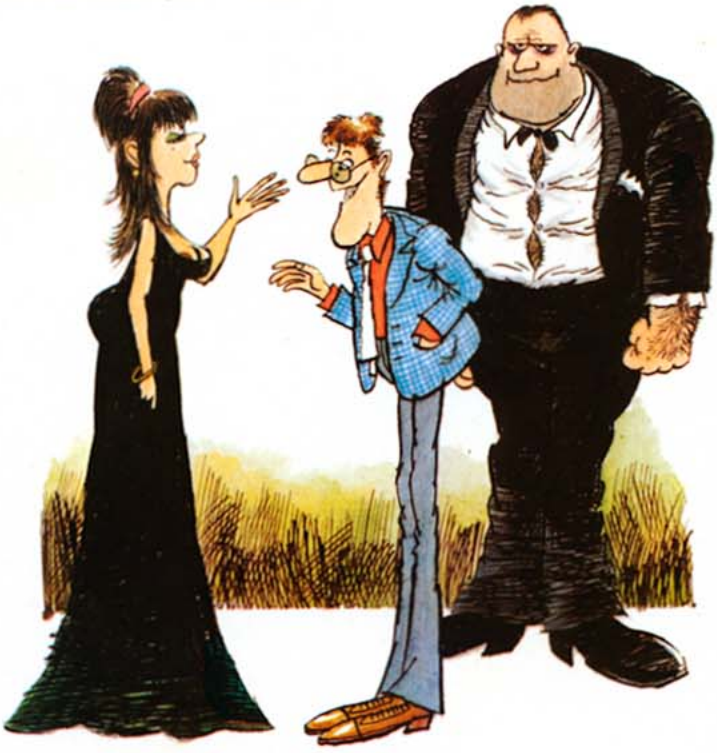
1. **Shall we do it after dinner or before?**
This particular Direct Approach can prove successful because of the confusion factor. However, don't use it on an ex-debutante type, accustomed to formally correct conversation, who will snap a crisp 'Neither.' If successful, of course, it is likely to cost you a dinner.

2. **You've got super legs/tits/thighs/hips.**
Likely to provoke cold disdain, casual gum-chewing agreement, or the classic response, 'So what?' Sometimes works, mainly with scrubbers who recognise the underlying request.

3. **Do you screw?**
The *most* Basic Approach, to be commended for its brevity, enabling it to be put to the largest number of women in the shortest possible time, collecting the most refusals, but possibly the most successful too. It has basic honesty, which charms the absolutely desperate. But be prepared for a few slapped faces.



'You're an Aquarian, aren't you . . .?'



'Your husband/boyfriend must be crazy to leave you . . .'

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ALLEN

'Do you screw?'

4. **You interest me.**
A low key, but highly recommended approach – after all, what interests a girl more than herself? And even if your nerve fails when she asks 'Why?' you can always say, 'Because of your blue eyes' (or personality or hairstyle, or some other lie).

5. **You have very beddy eyes.**
A naughty, coy approach that is direct without being offensive. Highly recommended even if it is a cliché. (Clichés are often clichés because they work). The trick is that for a split second she thought you said 'beady'. With relief she realises what you actually said . . .

THE BLUNT APPROACH

The essence of the Blunt Approach is the 'I'm-a-busy-man-and-no-frills-and-nonsense-please' attitude, coupled with an element of Surprise. These approaches are highly commended for big, tough, aggressive men – they don't sound too good weakly mumbled by the spindly or the namby-pamby.

6. **You may think me blunt, but I tend to fuck first and make friends afterwards.**
There's no answer to this, firmly stated as you steer her masterfully by the elbow towards the bedroom. Except 'Fuck off!' said in a voice loud enough to stop all conversation in a twenty foot radius. If this happens, leave for another party and try again.

7. **Let's not mess about, you know I'm going to fuck you tonight.**
The approach for the supremely arrogant. Don't try it unless you are one of those smooth six foot bastards with blue eyes and magnetic sex appeal which attracts all women irresistibly – in which case you hardly need the 50 BOG system – in fact you are probably not even reading this, you smug, self-confident, *arrogant,* SHITTY CREEP!

THE OBLIQUE APPROACH

The Oblique Approach can be low key or high pitched. In the low key forms, such as 18 below, the invitation is ostensibly to something far removed from what you have in mind (or clutched furtively through your pocket lining to be more exact), while in its high pitched variants success depends on tickling the fancy so that something else may, by implication, be tickled later.

8. **You look as if you enjoy good food.**
Careful here. Make sure you have the price of a good meal for two, this approach has been know to fail when followed by fish 'n chips at Grotty Harry's or a quick Wimpy. Remember she may want nothing more than a good meal – it's an expensive way to get brushed off.

9. **My parents are going out tomorrow night.**
A standard approach of the 1950s this. Only applicable for the very young these days, and they shouldn't be reading this. Forget it – your parents would probably come back in the middle anyway. (They did in the '50s).

10. **You're an Aquarian aren't you?**
A calculated risk – used once only at every party. Most times, the lady will say 'No, why?' and you can retrieve a little with 'Aquarians are extremely sensitive people.' No girl likes to be thought insensitive. A usual reaction is to show how much like an Aquarian she is. Statistically, one in every twelve goes she will say 'Yes, how do you know?' The rest is up to you. With this gem you can often increase the odds if you see some birthday cards on the mantelpiece.

11. **You don't wear Marks and Spencer's knickers do you?**
All sorts of possibilities from this one. She may like the subtle suggestion that she shops for more exotic lingerie; she may somehow feel that you *know* she is not wearing any at all. On the other hand, if she says stiffly, 'I beg your pardon,' you say, 'Don't apologise, I am no longer a director of Marks and Spencers.'

THE CHECKING OUT APPROACH

In which you could do worse than –

12. **Your husband/boyfriend must be crazy to leave you alone for a minute.**
Watch out for, 'Yes, he is. He's standing behind you with an axe.' She may be bluffing, of course, but are you willing to take that chance?

THE CASTING COUCH APPROACH

13. **Have you ever considered modelling for men's magazines?**
Again, included for the sake of completeness, but definitely not recommended – especially for those of you with a 1950's Baby Brownie and a tendency to put a thumb over the lens. If it *does* work then it has the virtue of getting her stripped down at the start of the evening with no messing about and pleas of, 'Oh, please, Ethel, just this once,' and 'Honest, I only want to look, I'll keep my hands in my pockets and not touch,' and 'You don't know how much this means to me,' and other whining, cringing, sickening inanities. While we're at it, let's come right out and throw overboard a whole section of outworn, unsuccessful approaches.

THE USELESS APPROACHES

Now, these are the ones your mates will swear by. They will assure you that using this or that approach they had it away last night, or knew a chap who always scored without fail using this secret, well tried formula. Don't believe them. Martin Harris has tried them all without success.

14. **Do you come here often?**
Can only really be used if you encounter the office boy amusing himself abusing himself in the office loo.

15. **Excuse me, but your slip is showing.**
So is yours.

16. **Excuse me, your tights are wrinkled.**
She probably isn't wearing any.

17. **What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?**
What's a berk like you doing reading a quality publication like this?

18. **How would you like a length of this up your passage?**
Carpet salesmen with faulty zips should avoid this one. Mind you, it is hard to

'Did you know that men with big noses . . .?'

imagine why anyone else should use this approach.

CAR APPROACHES

Statistically, more sex takes place in the back seats of cars than anywhere else. You'd think car designers would take this into account when drawing up new models. Don't try the running-out-of-petrol approach – it will only show up your incompetence and lack of imagination, and she'll walk home.

19. **Did you know that Austin Maxi seats fold down into a double bed?**
Why else should anyone have a Maxi? You Datsun owners think up your own.

20. **My fan belt's broken – lend me your knickers to make a temporary repair.**
I *know* you can't replace a fan belt with a pair of knickers, you idiot. *She* doesn't, but she doesn't want to put back on a pair of knickers dripping with black engine oil, does she? Anyway, your fan belt's OK and you should carry a spare – have you ever *tried* to make a fan belt out of a pair of knickers?

THE HUMOROUS APPROACH

Don't try to be a Les Dawson (who wants to be?) or a one-man Morecambe and Wise.

21. **Have you heard the one about . . .?**
The classic bar-room opening which will gain you instant friendship and camaraderie among the rugger club crowd – not much use to you unless you're queer.

22. **This is a stick up – do you surrender?**
Corny. Childish, even. But often works, especially if you are squeezed up behind her in a crowded room and she can feel something hard pressing against her to point up (pardon me) the double meaning.

23. **If I were rich I'd offer you the world – as I'm poor I offer you my body.**
Corny and cheeky – she'll like it. If she doesn't, at least you haven't wasted any of the money you haven't got.

THE SURPRISE APPROACH

Many of the Surprise Approaches could be described as pure cheek, and that is the quality which makes for remarkable success in every human endeavour.

24. **When did I last make love to you?**
Implies a great man-of-the-world sex life – even if you're not quite sure where to put it (even after studying the magazine's crotch shots with a magnifying glass).

25. **I bet you're a good cook too!**
She'll have a pretty shrewd idea what it is you have in mind, but she will pretend she doesn't. She'll ask you what else you think she's good at. It's your ball game from then on in. You can always chicken out for a slow approach by claiming you thought she made the dress herself. This moves it back to square one and you can always insist on seeing the manufacturer's label. After you have been allowed to grope about inside her dress – do you have to be told what to do next?

26. **How long is it since you had a mad, passionate affair?**
It is the combination of cheek, surprise and obliqueness that makes these Surprise Approaches so successful. The quandry for the quarry is whether to admit she's never had a mad, passionate affair, she hasn't had one for two years or she's a slag and has a different one every night. This gives you a clear advantage every way. Start a mad, passionate affair by camping up some mad passion in a jocular fashion. Jocular kissing, feeling and touching feels just as good as when it's for real – as it soon will be.

27. **Shall we waste time discussing religion or politics, or get right into discussing sex?**
She'll admire your honesty, and get right into discussing sex. You might even be lucky enough to find the right girl, who'll say, 'Why discuss it, let's go – your place or mine?'

28. **Do you need those glasses in bed?**
Disproves the old adage that men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses, for which she'll be grateful, and a grateful lady is a lady half-way to the bedroom. Follow it up by taking off her glasses gently, putting them in your pocket, (watch how you sit) so that you won't lose her, and telling her how beautiful she is. She'll be flustered and cling to you – after all she probably can't see a thing. Taking off her glasses is the first stage in undressing her. She knows this. She already feels helpless. Get her to a bedroom fast, before she asks for her glasses back, regains her composure and spoils everything.

THE PROVOCATIVE APPROACH

No, this does not refer to open-neck shirts displaying your sexy hairy chest and *certainly* not to casually unzipping your fly and thwacking it out into her hand, you uncouth idiot – you can get arrested for that, especially in a casual pick-up situation in Harrods or the Tate. It refers to more subtle verbal approaches couched in provocative statements such as:

29. **Travel always makes you randy, doesn't it?**
A question which demands an affirmative answer. If she says 'No,' ask her what does. If she pulls the communication cord, lock yourself in the loo and work desperately on a disguise. On the other hand, if it works she'll soon be pulling down the blinds and then pulling very satisfactorily on something else.

30. **Did you know that men with big noses/ears/index fingers/feet are better in bed?**
We all know it's not true, including her – but this approach, modified to suit your own individual characteristics (if you haven't got any buy a red velvet jacket and use that), often works precisely because one can never be *quite* sure whether old wives tales might not just have something in them.

31. **Most of us don't know how to make love to a woman.**
Implies that you are the exception. This will tantalise her, because she will agree with your statement, respect your insight and admire your courage and honesty about your sex's failings. She will want to know if you are an exception.

32. **Most women don't know how to make love to a man.**
Better – it has the touch of male arrogance that women secretly love, however much they bristle at it. She will want to prove to you, against her better judgement, that she is different. Let her.

33. **My ex-wife found me too demanding.**
Doesn't really matter whether you have an ex-wife or not. Women like shop-soiled men – particularly if they are free, as the phrase implies. She will wonder what happened to the poor, hapless bitch – driven into gibbering imbecility? Run away to a nunnery or a women's refuge? Don't tell her she left you because you kept whining about clean socks and toothpaste tubes squeezed in the middle and because you were always 'too tired'. What sexy woman could fail to be aroused by this excellent, challenging approach, and such promise!

THE CHALLENGE APPROACH

In these Women's Lib days, with the battle of the sexes at full pitch, the Challenge Approach can be highly successful.

34. **I find very few women attract me.**
Implies that she is exceptional – very flattering, and that *you* are exceptional – very interesting.

35. **You know I sometimes worry that I might be homosexual.**
This classical Challenge Approach must *never* be used in company where you are known. There are more nervous breakdowns and suicides attributable to the careless use of this approach than to any other known cause. Many a sex life has been ruined for ever by the loud jeers of some unsympathetic Jezabel crying to a room full of the victim's (ex-) best friends, 'Hey, listen, folks, Charlie's a poofter!' Used on strangers, this approach can have dramatic effects. She feels both safe and challenged at the same time, and it will not be long before soft fingers trip lightly over your desperate thighs. Don't respond too quickly – think of your mother-in-law, Wittgenstein's contribution to twentieth century philosophy, or the Apostles Creed. Take it easy, let her think she's in command – you'll have the

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ANN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS FRANCIS

If casting an appreciative eye over 17-year-old
Ann Muir's 35-23-35 inches tends to raise your temperature
she'd be delighted to hear about it – if only to
apply a thermometer to the nearest available orifice. For,
by the time you read this, Ann will be a student nurse.

This page, above: an Austin Seven tourer dating from 1927. Dubbed the 'Chummy' this two-seater plus two children baby car had a wheelbase of only six feet three inches, a four-cylinder, side-valve 747cc engine and, with its lightweight, aluminium body, weighed only 6½cwt. Immediate right: prow view of the Chummy. Note the inconvenient headlamp position. This was changed by the time of the 1934 Seven shown top on the facing page. Far right: Sevens on parade; they gave at least 40 miles to each cheap gallon.

Cheap, cheerful and relatively trouble-free, Herbert Austin's lively baby car revolutionised British motoring in the Twenties

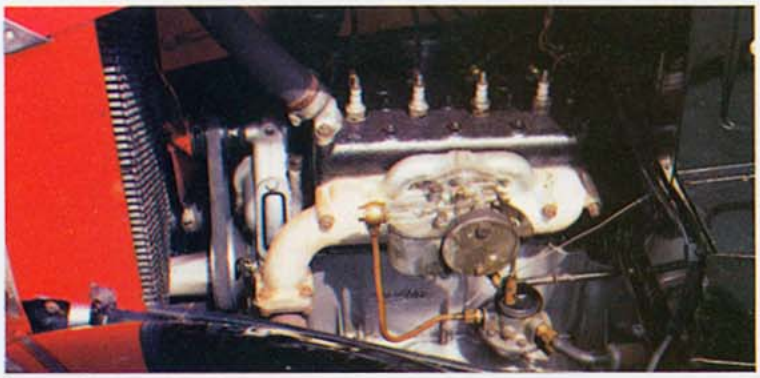
Motoring with William Boddy

Photographed by Andrew Morland

SEVENS UP

Between the wars the Baby Austin was very much the British way of motoring life. The Model-T Ford may have opened up the outbacks of the world and sold more than 15 million to the Austin Seven's total of over 300,000, but the fact remains that from 1924 onwards the main roads and country lanes of this green and pleasant land abounded with Sir Herbert Austin's minute but indomitable little car.

This was just as well for the great engineer, who had been associated with the Wolseley Company, designing and racing horizontally-engined Wolseley cars, before founding



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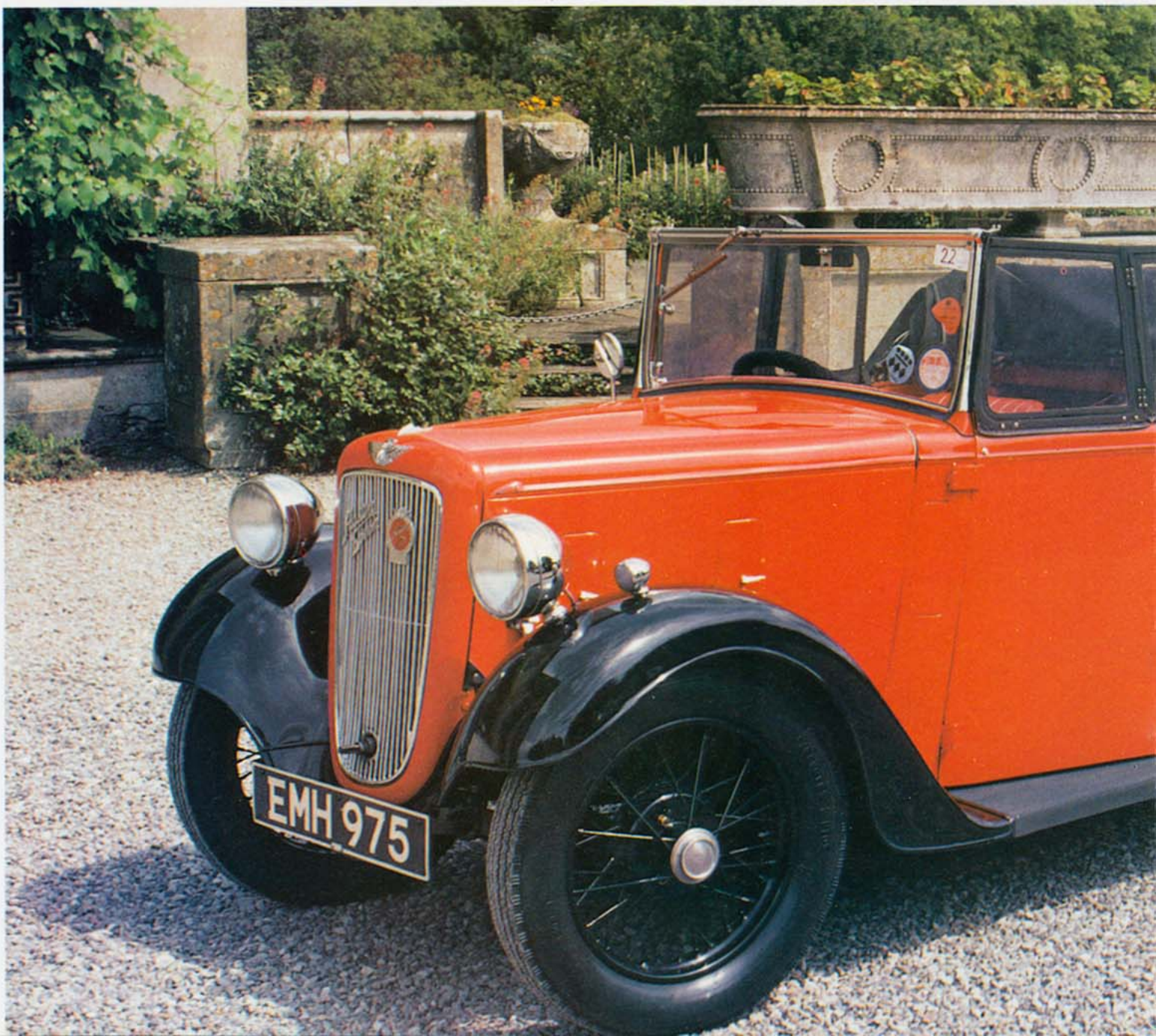
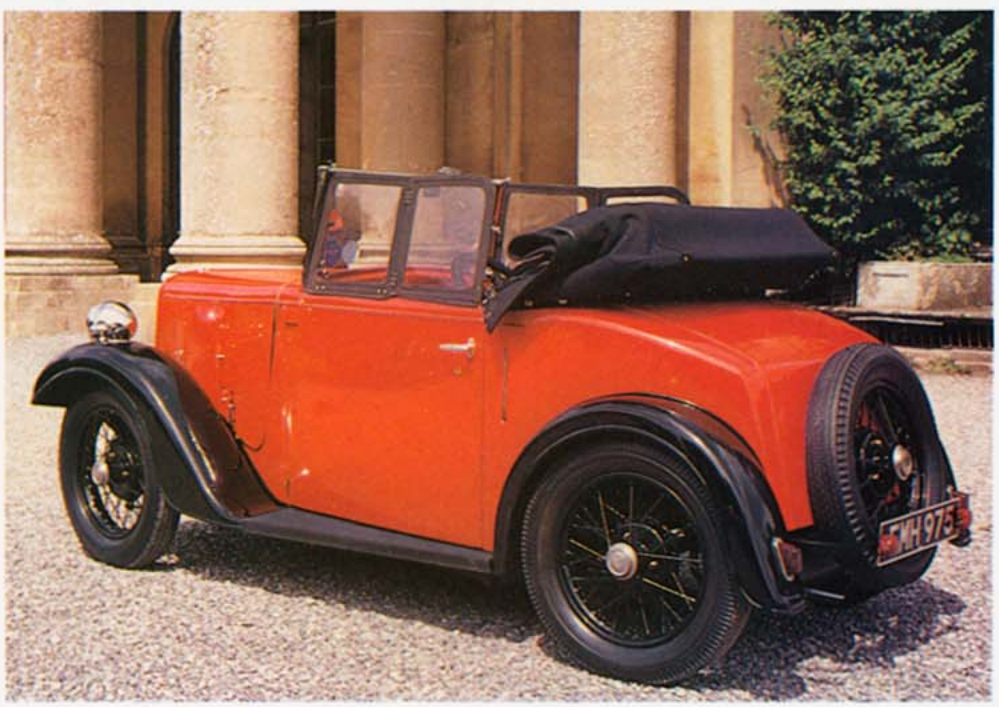

EMH 975

his own company, at Longbridge, Birmingham in 1905. His one-model post-Armistice policy, with the massive Austin Twenty, failed, and the receiver was called in. It was the Austin Seven, conceived by Sir Herbert in secret and laid out on his billiard table by a very young draughtsman called Stanley Edge, that saved the Austin Motor Company.

When it appeared in 1922 it seemed absurdly small, as in fact it was, with a wheelbase of only six feet three inches and a tiny engine of less than 700cc. When the bulky Sir Herbert was testing the prototype there would be whispers of 'Here comes Austin in his pram'. Yet the little tub was successful from the start, faith in it being ensured by some very impressive racing and record-breaking appearances from 1923 onwards. Even before Austin themselves had exploited the speed potential of their new baby, E C Gordon England, ex-aeroplane pilot and glider-pioneer, had obtained prodigious pace from it.

Enormous credit is due to Austin for so bravely introducing such a new concept at a time of unrest within the motor industry and

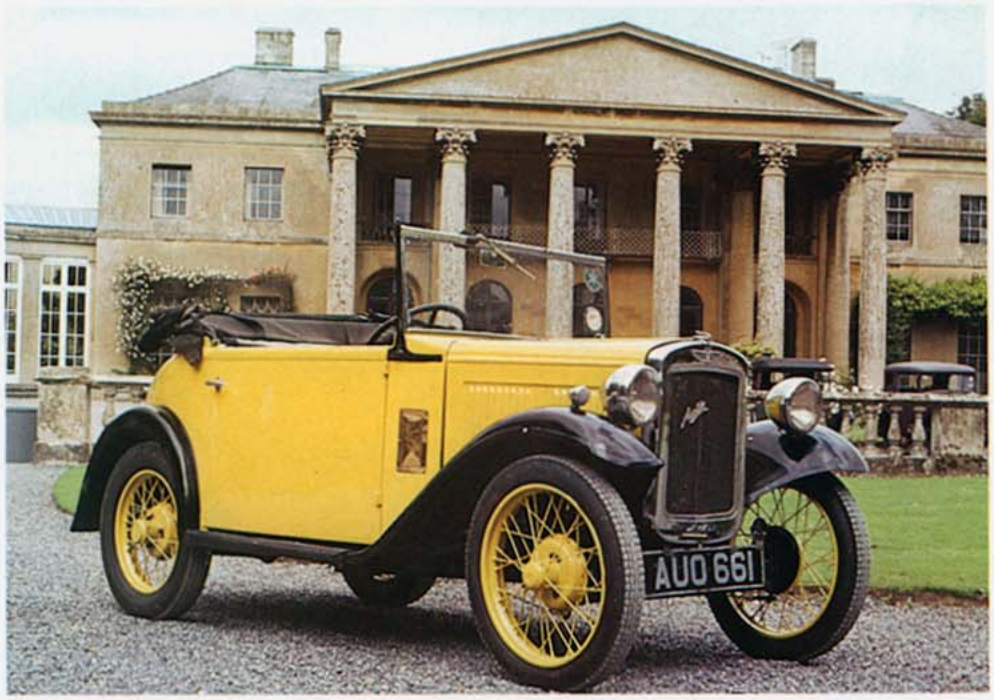


Large picture: a 1936 Austin Seven Opal two-seater tourer. First introduced in 1934, this was Austin's attempt to match the legendary £100 cars of Morris and Ford. But this lowest of low prices only lasted a year. In 1935 the selling price was increased by £2.50. Facing page, top left: the Opal's interior. Seven dashboards were always spartan. Middle: its 747cc water-cooled engine which was light enough, allegedly, for some mechanics to lift out by hand. Top right: face on to an Opal radiator. This page, top: a 1929 Austin Seven Rosengart saloon, produced under licence, and with minor modifications, in France. Middle: two Austin Seven Ulsters. This sports model originally appeared in 1929. Above: rear view of the 1936 Opal.

an industrial depression (there's nothing new!). The first hint of his baby-to-be was given at a gathering of motorcyclists. However, this was appropriate and may have been intentional, because the Baby Austin was an excellent substitute for the motor cycle. Young bloods found it far better to offer their 'flappers' the close intimacy and weather-protection of a very small car, than have them sitting behind them on a precarious pillion seat or isolated, even from conversation, in a sidecar.

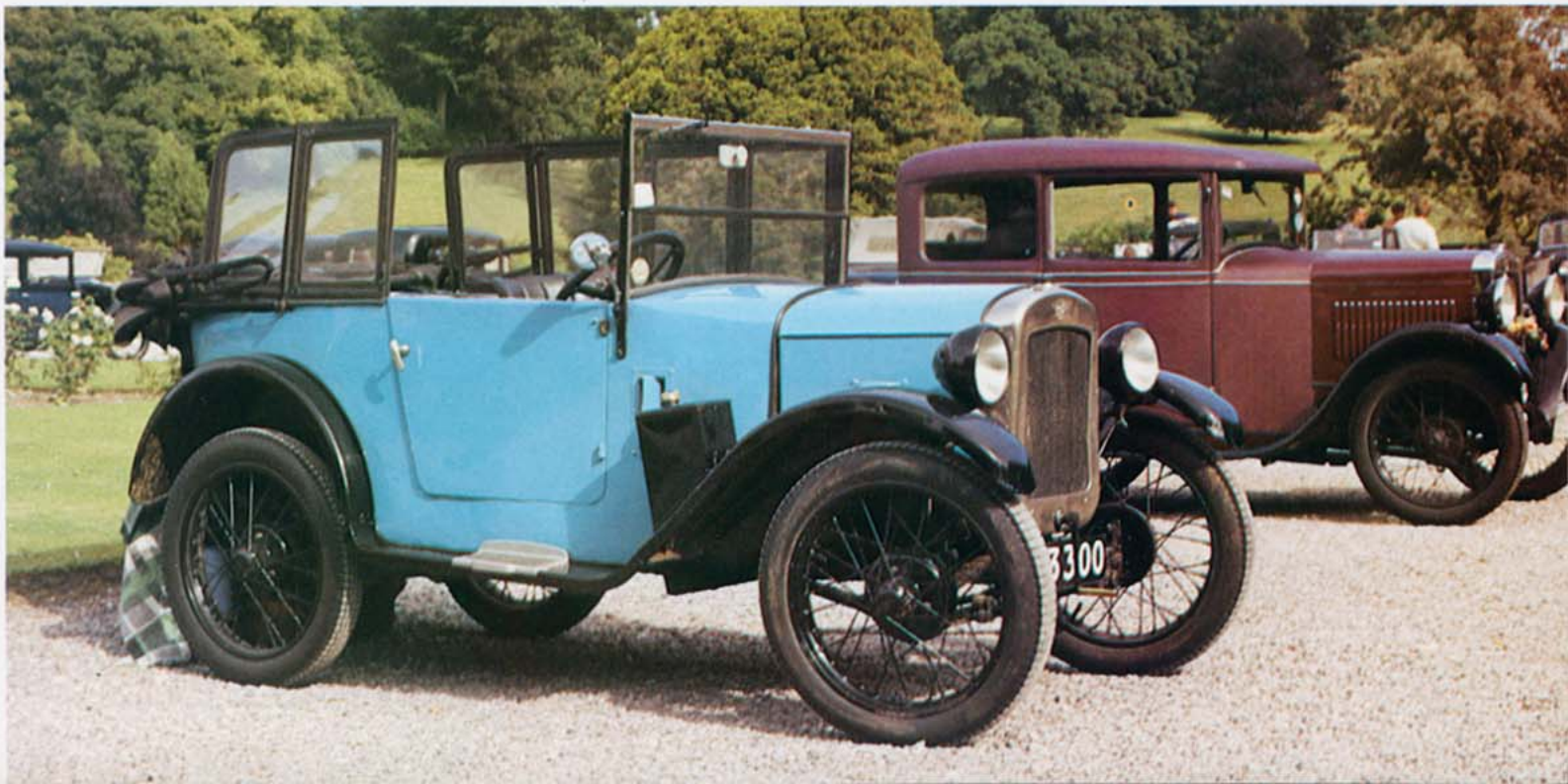
Austin was to exploit this and many other uses for his new Seven, which offered 'motoring at tram-fare' to newly-weds who could only afford the lowest running costs, country-house folk (many made rich by the recently concluded war) who required a run-about to supplement their limousines, and district nurses on their rounds; it was even to carry sheep and lambs to market, and goods to outlying villages after a van had been introduced.

All this was possible because the Seven was simple, but technically sound. Whether Sir Herbert Austin had thought it all up himself



Facing page, large picture: an Austin Seven Open Road dating from 1937. By this time the Seven was past its heyday. Baby car rivals from Morris, Singer, Triumph and Ford were offering better springing and road-handling, hydraulic brakes and usually a good 100cc more than the Seven's still humble power unit. The outbreak of World War Two finally put paid to the model, but its persisting charm lies, in the fact that Austin changed it so little. Opposite page, bottom right and this page immediate right: two views of a four-seater Seven tourer. This page, top: a 1935 two-seater Austin Seven tourer. In 1933 six more inches had been added to the wheelbase, correcting a tendency for the rear of the body to sag. Above: rear view of the 1937 Austin Seven Open Road. Today Austins in top condition can fetch up to £4,000.

AWV 352



or had cribbed from some other economy-car is hotly debated even today. Shall we just say that some resemblance to the French Peugeot Quadrilette, which possessed an even smaller engine, was apparent?

By 1923 the new Seven had got out of the factory onto the road, and was viewed by some Austin dealers with interest, while others were inclined to swoon! The first concept was a tourer for two adults and a couple of kids on a shelf behind the front bucket seats – with the wedded in mind, obviously. It was soon dubbed the 'Chummy' Austin Seven. It was priced at first at £225 but this was quickly reduced to £165 and demand was soon established. For here was a true big car scaled down, very much down. It had a four-cylinder, water-cooled side-valve engine, now of 747cc, a three-speed-and-reverse gearbox, and dynamo electric lighting and starting – luxury indeed for an inexpensive motor in 1923. The Seven even had brakes on all its wheels, another innovation, even if the brake drums were tiny indeed (but deemed adequate for those early aluminium-bodied tourers, which weighed only about 6½cwt.)

The Seven had wire wheels formed as part of the brake drums, the stud-holes ingeniously elongated for easy location of a wheel when it was being replaced after a puncture. The chassis was a simple A-shape frame. Front springing was by an equally simple transverse spring, as on the Model-T Ford, or that aforesaid Peugeot Quad. The back springs were quarter-elliptics – that is to say, they extended from inside the channel-section of the chassis to the anchorages on the spiral-bevel back-axle, but not beyond it. Here was a snag, for the body was thus unsupported for much of its rearward length and used to sag quickly, causing the Seven's doors to fly open over bumps. Owners used to cure this by augmenting the door-catches with domestic bolts.

It can truly be said that if the Seven went very well, it did not possess much in the way of braking or road-holding. This mattered little in the 35mph traffic of its time, and it sold in large numbers to a motor-thirsty nation. A so-called sports two-seater arrived, really just a two-seater Chummy with the back replaced by the vestige of a pointed tail. This was followed in 1929 by the proper sports Seven, the Ulster, named after the important TT race in Ireland. Later came the more civilised Nippy and its derivative, the Speedy. Gordon England himself evolved some fine sports Austin Sevens such as his Cup model; the tail of its fabric body was no more than was needed to cover the vertical spare wheel. There was the Brooklands Super Sports model too, which was guaranteed to do 75mph on the track, and which made many cars twice its engine size look embarrassingly pedestrian. This was without resorting to supercharging. The ultimate was to own a Cozette-supercharged Ulster Austin, costing £225 in 1929.

But it was the ordinary Sevens that earned the bread for their creator. The Chummy was joined by saloons, both fabric and metal-panelled. At first they were very perpendicular in appearance, and were dubbed Top Hats. Two-seaters, coupés, even the van followed. Specialist body builders, able in later times to buy a new Seven chassis for £99, put such a variety of bodies on the little Austin that you are a clever person if you can identify half of them!

The Seven may be immortal but it was crude in many ways. In early examples the starter-motor protruded into the driving compartment, like the twin magnetoes on a Grand Prix Bugatti. To avoid the cost of a proper oil pressure gauge ('pressure' is something of a misnomer, because the Austin's was minimal) on the early cars a little button was substituted, which was supposed to protrude when oil was circulating in the engine. What it invariably did was to drip dirty lubricant onto the driver's trousers (or plus-fours), and his girlfriend's silk stockings. Before the diameter of the crankshaft was minutely increased, much discussion took place about a nasty vibration period which came in at the very speed at which most people wanted to drive. It was thought to be clutch slip winding up the primitive crank. So fierce was the Seven's clutch, with pedal movement of only an inch or so, that even experienced conductors of the little Birmingham masterpiece frequently used to take-off like a kangaroo.

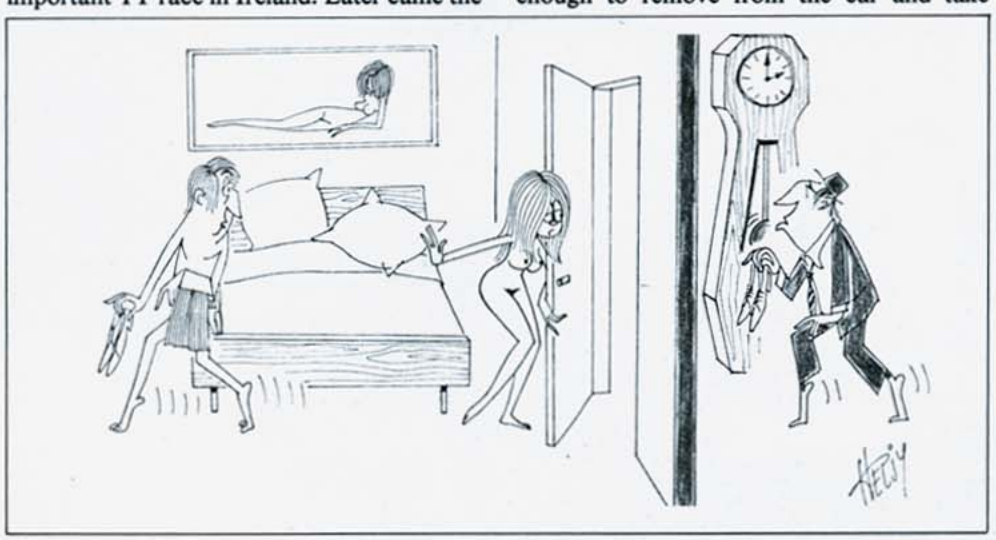
For all its crudities, the Seven had many merits and was greatly loved – as it still is. It gave at least 40mpg of petrol when that commodity cost less than two shillings (10p) a gallon, could be garaged in the tool shed, and cost little to ship abroad or park in a public garage. Home mechanics had an engine light enough to remove from the car and take home under their arm (true – a friend of mine used to do it!) for dismantling in the kitchen or spare bedroom. Like the Model-T, it was at first the butt of comedians. They joked that proud owners took their Sevens into the house to wash them in the bath, that if the brakes wouldn't stop you the Seven would run between a point duty policeman's legs, that limousines had been seen with Sevens slung from them like lifeboats from a liner, and that when a circus elephant, out for exercise, was confronted by a Baby Austin and told to sit, it did just that, crushing the little car – and that when the car's irate owner went to the nearest police station to complain he was detained for being drunk, or mentally deranged.

Over the years the prices of the various Austin Seven models fell, yet Sir Herbert only once succumbed to the £100 car craze of Morris and Ford, offering his Opal two-seater at that figure in 1934 but quickly increasing it by 50 shillings (£2.50) the next year. Although in racing the MG, by reason of its overhead-camshaft engine, beat Austin to the honour of being first to exceed 100mph on 750cc, this fortunately did not deter Sir Herbert from later producing beautiful, truly jewel-like twin-cam racers.

By then the production Seven, still a 747cc side-valve confection, was out-dated. It had been improved along the years, in various ways. The radiator, with the winged-and-wheel badge surmounted by a steering wheel, had been made higher and given a plated shell, the headlamps had shyly moved forward off the scuttle to the front of the car (not that you could see much better), the chassis had been lowered a shade and lower springing used for the sports model. The starter-motor had disappeared under the bonnet, synchro-mesh and four forward speeds were adopted for the gearbox, together with a longer, ball-gated lever, and eventually the petrol tank was moved to the back of the Seven, involving the expense of a mechanical fuel pump. Seventeen-inch tyres replaced the 19-inch originals to give a more modern look. Yet the Ruby saloon of 1934, despite having its radiator core beneath a grille, and rounded out rear quarters, was no bargain by contemporary standards.

The end had to come, and did, early in 1939. The Big Seven, then the Austin Eight, followed the Seven, but were never the same.

My own Austin Seven anecdote? Of many, the most embarrassing was being anchored to a road in Wimbledon, across which I was reversing my 1934 saloon, because the two radius arms that located the front axle had come adrift and dug into the tarmac. I was rescued by a kind passerby who, bending double, raised the recalcitrant members with his walking stick. I retain the greatest respect for the Austin Seven, although not in agreement with the values of £2,500 – £4,000 placed on them today. Clubs like the 750 Motor Club (747cc-see?) cater for the famous tiddler with an annual National Austin Seven Rally and runs for these cars have been organised as far afield as Monte Carlo. This Easter the club is promoting a John O'Groats-Land's End jaunt for pre-war Sevens. Sir Herbert's Baby may be out of production – long live the Austin Seven!



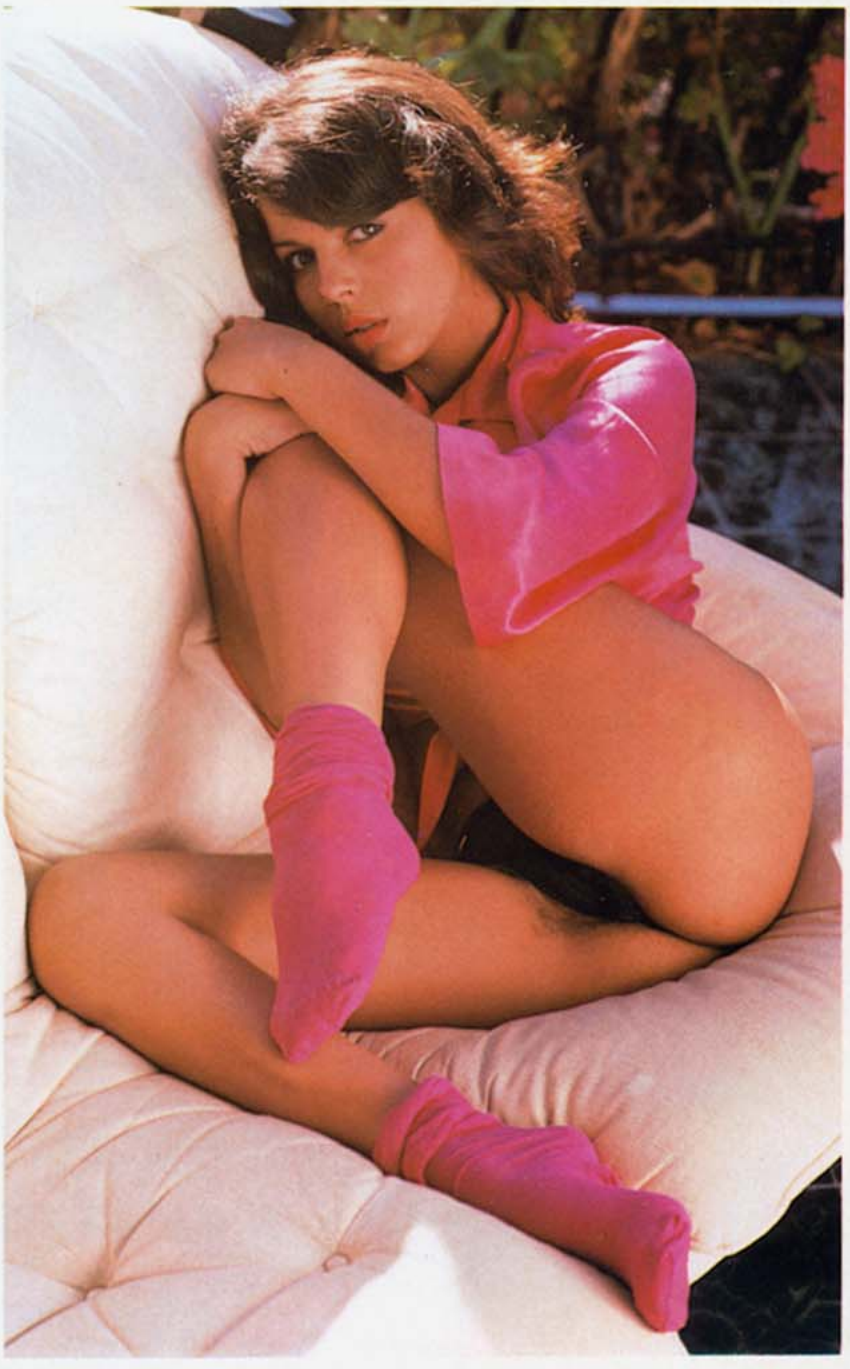
Your Favourite Page 3 Girl

Debbie Boyland

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

It's no wonder that *The Sun* has over 11 million readers when they can open the paper and look at delicious Debbie Boyland as they eat their breakfast. For 34-23-34 Debbie is one of the exclusive band of models that regularly appear on Page Three, and without doubt the one that our readers have most requested us to feature. At only 20-years-old, Debbie is already at the top.

But even in the Canary Islands, where these shots of the lovely Debbie were taken, life for a top model can be tough. So she makes certain that she keeps fit. Photographer Peter Flodquist was amazed by her rigorous exercise programme that included jogging, lots of swimming and gymnastics. 'She really knew how to look after herself', he told us, 'she was far healthier than any of the photographers around.'



Another secret of successful modelling is the art of relaxation and Debbie has certainly mastered that. She's a great believer in Transcendental Meditation. 'It's ideal after a long day in front of the camera,' she told Flodquist, 'Really relaxing. It's not just for drug-crazed hippies, you know.' Debbie even has a Guru she consults in times of stress and finds him a great consolation. 'I recommend it to anyone', she said, 'especially if they are in a demanding job. Why not try it sometime?'

continued from page 50

time of your life, and she'll feel nobly good about it too. Don't use this approach too often. Word gets around, and you will find that overuse will result in late-night phone calls from bent vicars and scoutmasters who have heard from a friend of a friend . . .

REVERSE APPROACHES

These can be, in a sense, an extension of the Challenge Approach, or can rely on a similar verbal technique to that used in the Provocative Approach. The essence is a reversal of the common-or-garden approaches used by those who have not had the benefit of Martin Harris' training in the 50 BOG system.

36. **Where have I been all your life?**
A neat, amusing reversal of the usual cliché. She'll probably say, '*I* don't know. Where have you been?' Launch into a (preferably imaginary) account of your life as an octopus hunter, mercenary or pop musician. This will impress her more than an account of four years in the post room of a city wholesalers. Better still, ask her what's been happening in her life before you came into it.

37. **Do you wear glasses to keep the wolves at bay?**
A neat, two-pronged attack – a clever reverse in almost admitting to being a wolf, and a flattering suggestion that she is so devastatingly beautiful that she must disfigure herself for her own protection. Follow through as for number 28.

38. **Would you mind removing your bottom from my hand?**
She will either clout you or admire your *savoir faire*. You could, of course, indicate that in special cases you might not object to having your hand molested by her nether parts.

THE BORED APPROACH

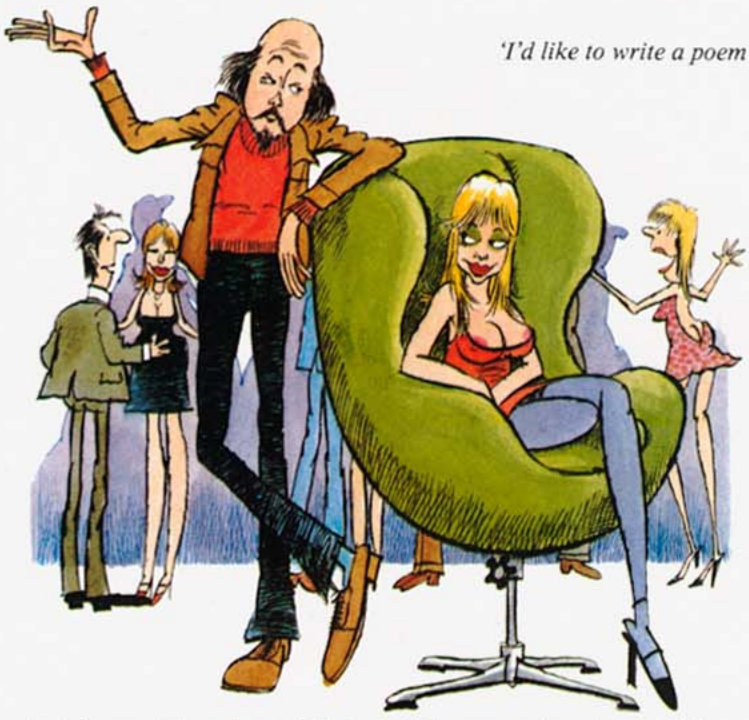
39. **Thank god there's at least one intelligent/ sober/ beautiful/sexy/ down-to earth/ sophisticated woman at this party/in this pub/firm etc.**
Adopt a worldly, weary attitude, and make her feel special – an oasis in a sea of total boredom. Of course, if you've been leaping about enjoying yourself, cracking jokes, hanging from the lights shouting 'Me Tarzan, you Jane,' feeling everybody up and generally being the life and soul of the party, don't push your luck.

ANTI-SEX APPROACHES

40. **Thank heavens there is someone else here who is not obsessed with sex!**
Watch you don't leer down her cleavage. A good line, because it plants in her mind the idea that it's all happening around her and she's the only one left out. She'll soon be as obsessed with sex as you are. Tighten up your truss!

THE BOASTFUL APPROACH

41. **I have this problem – most women can't make me come.**
Really a lip-licking Challenge Approach to make every woman rise to the challenge of succeeding where lesser beings have failed this stallion of a man. Not much good if you can only raise three inches and you splatter all over her evening dress before she's even got her knickers off.



'I'd like to write a poem about . . .'

ROMANTIC APPROACHES

On the whole (*whole*, I said) the old-fashioned techniques have a lot to commend them – subtle, erotic and successful.

42. **I'd like to write a poem about you/your eyes/hair.**
Don't try this unless you know the difference between a poem and the back of a corn-flakes packet. She will not be impressed by 'There was a young lady of . . .'

THE FLATTERY APPROACH

Nothing works better than flattery, except more of it. Flattery will get you everywhere – especially there.

43. **Has anyone ever told that you look like Bardot/Julie Christie/Linda Lovelace?**
A dreadfully overworked approach this, but women *never* ever tire of compliments. 'Who *is* Linda Lovelace?' she may enquire innocently. Tread carefully.

44. **I wasn't enjoying this party/ conference/job/holiday until you turned up.**
Straight flattery which will get you straight to the target. Can provoke disastrous replies like, 'Well, I *was* enjoying it, till *you* poked your nose in!' There's no answer to that except to tell her there's a wet patch on her bum and it shows.

45. **You look like the type of girl with a story to tell.**
She will appreciate your finger perception of her as something other than a screw on legs. Hope to God she *has* a story to tell or you're in for a long vapid account of her Aunt Nellie and her work in the typing pool or her holiday in Frinton last year. Stifle your yawns and tell her to stop right there until you get back from the loo. Climb out the bathroom window, pop round to a nearby hostelry and go back to the party in half an hour or so. She'll have given up by then and will ignore you for the rest of the evening.

46. **I suppose you're a fashion model/ actress/air hostess/belly dancer?**
A useful approach to those frighteningly gorgeous women – don't try it with the plain, mousy, desperate types with glasses and moles on their noses – they'll think you're taking the mickey and clock you one, or worse, burst into tears and everyone will think *you've* clocked *her*. There's nothing worse.

47. **You have got Anna Ford's voice.**
She'll be flattered, not realising that no red-blooded male watching Anna Ford reading the news hears a single word she says. Watch out for the girl who repostes: 'And you have got Reggie Bosanquet's wig!'

DESPERATE APPROACHES

These are last resort approaches only to be used in an emergency after all other recommended 50 BOG approaches have left you a drunken wallflower when the smoochy music is on and couples shuffle round the floor with his hands roaming over her bare back and fondling her firm buttocks while her white arms are round his neck, her long fingers amorously entwined in his hair. You're bloody desperate! Over in a dark corner there's a couple of reject birds, but in your state you'd settle for the mother-in-law's sister.

48. **If I don't make love to you, I'll die!**
Be warned – the likely response will be a burst of laughter.

49. **If you don't talk to me I'm going straight out of here to run under a bus.**
Make sure you choose a fast, busy road. There's nothing so frustrating as waiting for twenty minutes in the cold and rain for a bus to fling yourself under. Knowing your luck, you'll probably throw yourself under a bus with an unusually alert driver and end up in hospital. Then it will start all over again with –

50. **'Nurse! Nurse! I need my bedsores rubbed again . . .**
Nurse! Nurse! *Nurse . . .!'*

Opposite page (top): a tattoo artist sets to work on a girl's back. The pictures on these pages show that tattooing is just as popular with women as it is with men, and they have a wide range of designs on different parts of their bodies, from vicious-looking dragons roaming across their cleavage to an intricately-styled shoulder tattoo. The actual design of the tattoo can be as wild as your imagination stretches.

Tattooing, the ancient art of body decoration, is finally coming of age in the western world as the ultimate in personal, unique adornment. The choice is as wide as your imagination will allow

SKIN SHOW

Photographed by Chris Wroblewski

For many years in the Western world the word tattoo has conjured up visions of sailors with smudged blue slogans like 'mum' or 'I love Jane' etched indelibly into their arms. But now, with the aid of new techniques, equipment and ideas, tattooing is beginning to be considered as an art form, the ultimate in personal expression, as it has been in other parts of the world for thousands of years.

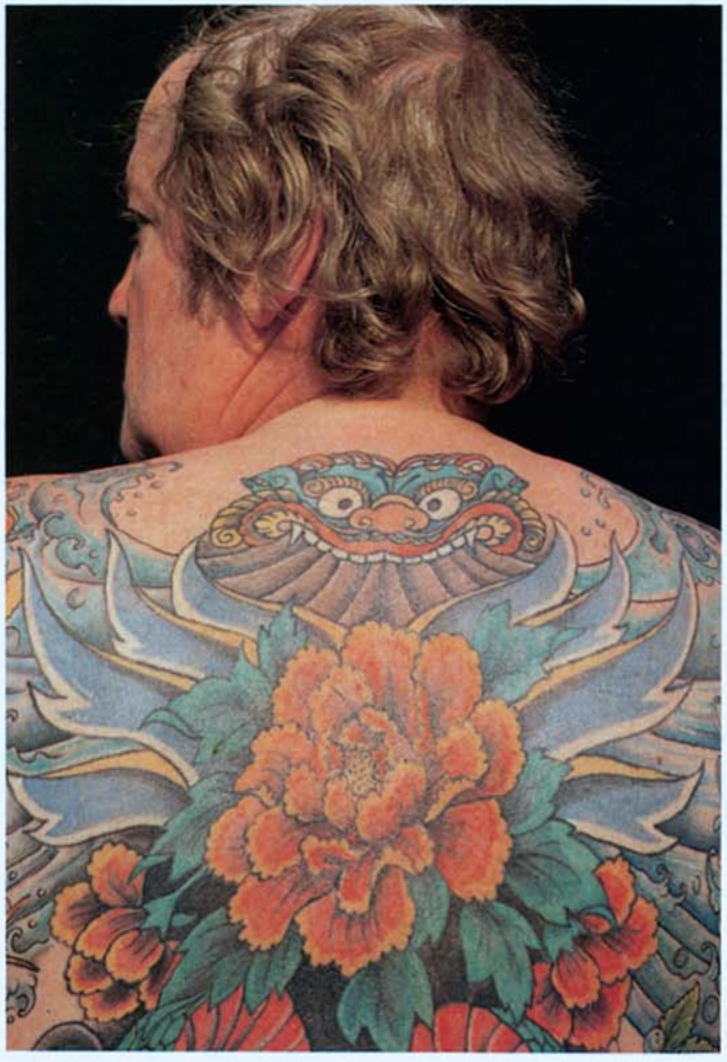
The very word tattoo is derived from the Tahitian, *tatau*, and the idea of marking the skin by pricking with a needle is found in many ancient cultures, from Siberia to Africa. And archaeologists believe that tattooing dates from the era of cave paintings

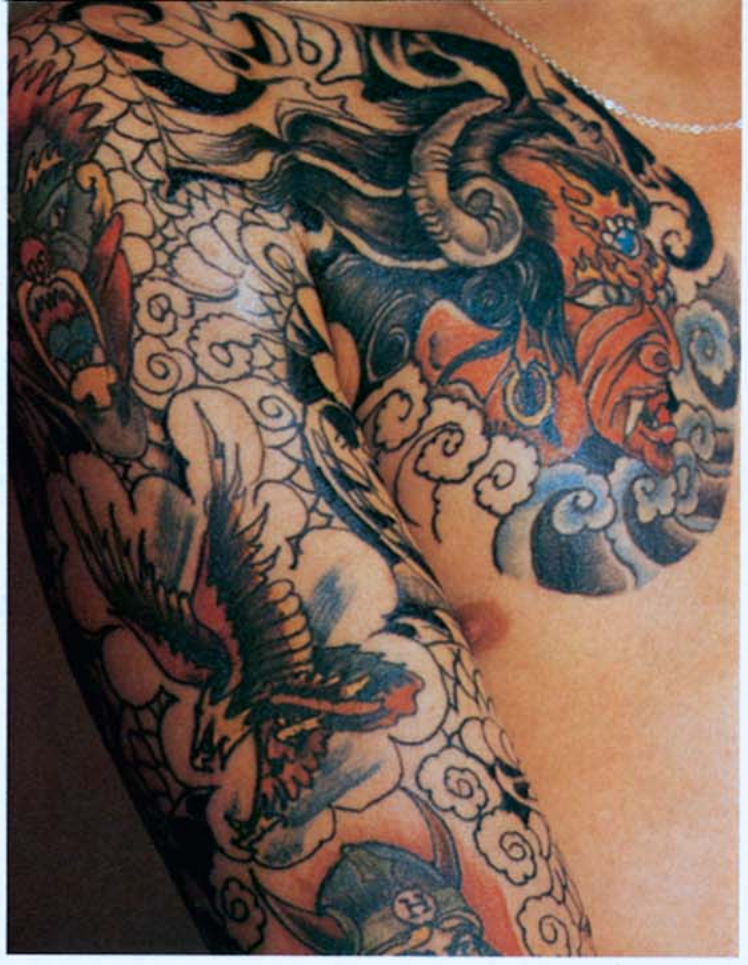
since sharpened fish bones and pigment-stained clay bowls have been discovered on sites contemporary with the period.

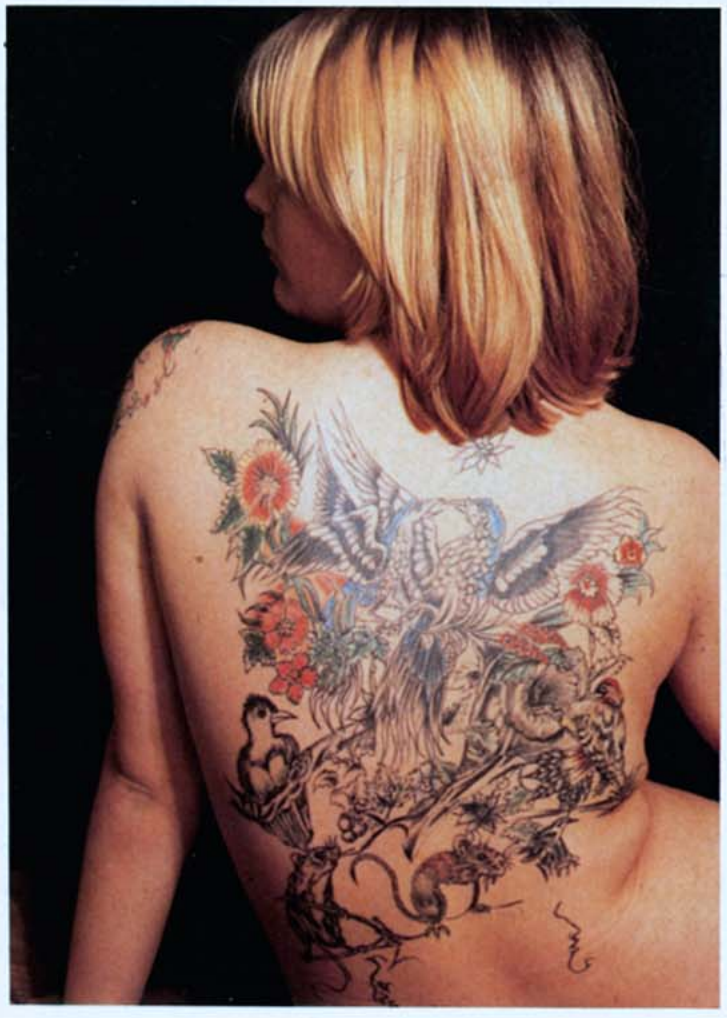
But the first definite evidence of tattooing is on the mummified body of an Egyptian princess, Hathor, which is dated at around 2,000 BC. Her stomach was found to be marked with parallel lines, possibly to relieve pain or induce fertility.

Amongst primitive tribes was the belief that after death a body keeps a semblance of its living form. So they used tattooing as a form of identification, to allow them to enter the afterlife.

Knowledge of tattooing was first brought to the western world by explorer and trader Marco Polo, and his descriptions of the techniques used are virtually the same as those







These photographs demonstrate the skill, planning, forethought and great leaps of imagination which go into the work of the modern-day tattoo artist. Tattooing has come of age, and gone is the era when transfers or stencils, known as flash, were used in the engraving of the name of one's current sweetheart or to proclaim that you loved your mum. Whether it is a fascinating skull and a nubile woman on the forearm, or an intricate oriental design taking up the whole of a back, the detail and colour cannot be faulted.

home Cocktails

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used today, though high-speed electric needles are now employed and there is a greater range of colours.

But unfortunately for the primitive tribes, the civilised Europeans, when confronted with tattooed bodies, used to like collecting them, literally. They would trade for dried tattooed heads and skins, as souvenirs.

The Christian church was opposed to savage decorations on its converted subjects, but during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries pilgrims to Palestine often returned with a tattoo, perhaps the Jerusalem coat of arms or another sacred motif.

Tattooing is popular amongst sailors, who were the first to encounter natives bearing body marks. They started to have their own bodies adorned as proof of their visits to exotic regions, and this practice spread until it became a sort of identifying badge. In the late nineteenth century some sailors would have a crucifix tattooed on their backs in the hope that it might deter anyone from flogging them if they saw it under the lash. Some of them had their instep tattooed with a pig as this was reputed to protect them from drowning. And others had HOLDFAST marked across the fingers of both hands to prevent them losing their grip on the rigging.

Until relatively recently, in England tattooing was generally performed by back-street operators working to pre-designed patterns on transfers or stencils, which were known as 'flash'. Anyone could walk in, choose a design and come out with a crude tattoo.

The whole approach has changed over the last ten years with a virtual rennaissance in the art of engraving. Modern tattoo artists have as many as a dozen needles of varying thicknesses, and they have a spectrum of colours at their disposal which do not fade to a dull blur after a few years – a problem with tattoos in the past. With the techniques of air-brushing, the lines and colouring can be as delicate as the artist desires.

Tattooists today are craftsmen, often artists from another medium who have taught themselves and who work freehand, without the aid of a stencil. There is no training system for would-be tattooists, so they are generally self-taught and have their own individual style.

Some of the larger designs, which might stretch right across someone's back or extend down their chest and thighs, require patient hours of keeping still in the tattooist's chair. Most people can take only three or four hours of tattooing at a time, and the sensation of one thousand needle pricks penetrating the skin every minute is reputed to be only mildly uncomfortable, depending on one's state of mind. And it is supposed to hurt the most close to the bone where the skin is at its thinnest.

Any part of the body can be tattooed, and during his research Chris Wroblewski met a man with THE END tattooed across his eyelids. Apparently he wanted to have the last laugh when he was laid out in his coffin.

The first stage in acquiring a tattoo is a serious consultation with the artist because it is most important to have a commitment as they are a permanent fixture. It would be foolhardy to have an indelible dragon, warrior or even motorcycle engine etched on yourself for life if you weren't quite sure about it. Once this has been decided, the area to be tattooed is shaved, the skin cleaned and the design drawn. The outline is put on first, then the shading, using different pigments and needles of varying thicknesses.

The tool itself works rather like a sewing machine, pricking the skin to the depth of one sixteenth of an inch. The tattooist has to be careful, for if the needle is driven in at the wrong angle the ink will spread.

Tattooing has now lost many of its macho associations, and not only do many women sport tattoos, but there are also many female tattooists.

Chris, who is himself tattooed, has recently brought out a book on the art called *Skin Show*. It is published by Dragon's Dream and costs £4.95. He has travelled all over the world to meet, interview and photograph the greatest proponents of the art and was most impressed with the Japanese style of tattooing. The Japanese often use solid colour for the background, against which traditional designs are picked out. The whole body becomes part of the moving tattoo, as opposed to the more western style of plonking the tattoo on top of the flesh.

In Amsterdam, Chris met two men who had had the whole of their bodies tattooed, including their heads and faces. 'They had virtually become outcasts because their whole faces were hidden behind masks of tattoos.'

Chris regards tattooing as, 'The ultimate cosmetic. The body is a vehicle through which life moves, and tattooing is like customising a car. You are simply decorating your personal environment.'

But a word of warning to any would-be tattoo subjects; small tattoos can be removed by means of a skin graft, and even then it is impossible to restore the skin to its original clean state. But larger tattoos are there for life, there is no changing your mind. So don't say we didn't warn you.

A spider getting to the bottom of things.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A Vicar wanted to raise money for his church, and being told that there was a fortune in horse racing decided to purchase one and enter him for races. However, at the local auction, the going prices for horses were so steep, that the Vicar ended up buying a donkey instead.
He decided that since he had it, he might as well go ahead and enter it in a local Donkey Derby. To his surprise, the donkey came in third.
Next day the sports section of his local evening paper carried this headline: *'Vicar Shows Promising Ass.'*
The Vicar was so pleased with the donkey that he entered it in the races again. This time the donkey won. Next day the headline read: *'Vicar's Ass Well Out In Front.'*
The Bishop was so upset with this kind of publicity, that he ordered the Vicar not to enter the donkey in another race. The newspaper headline the next day read: *'Bishop Scratches Vicar's Ass.'*
This was too much for the Bishop and he ordered the Vicar to get rid of the animal. The Vicar decided to give it to a nun in a nearby convent. The headline the next day read: *'Nun Has Best Ass In Town.'*
The Bishop fainted. When he came to, he informed the nun that she would have to dispose of the donkey. She finally found a farmer who was willing to buy the animal for £10.00. The next day, the headline read: *'Nun Sells Her Ass For Ten Pounds.'*
The day after, they printed the Bishop's obituary.

STUD BOOK: A male order catalogue.

Walking up to the ironmonger's assistant the attractive female asked, 'Can you give me a screw for a doorknob?'
'Sure' replied the assistant 'and if you are good I'll buy you dinner after.'

A young man went to the doctor complaining of a pain in his member. The doctor examined him and said, 'You cannot expect to be healthy without regular sex. How often do you manage it?'
The young man explained that he and his girlfriend went to the woods at least twice a week.
'Oh, I see,' considered the doctor, 'and does your member burn after intercourse?'
'I don't know, Doc, I've never put a match to it.'

An Australian stockman rode in from the Bush and tied up his horse outside the town's most sophisticated hotel. He sauntered to the bar and ordered his customary pint of Fosters, and then noticed that next to him was an aborigine stockman. Their eyes met and they exchanged polite smiles. Downing his second pint, the same thing happened: their eyes met and they exchanged polite smiles.
While on his third pint, the aborigine put down his glass, murmured 'excuse me' and made his way to a 44-gallon drum in the corner of the saloon, where he proceeded to urinate in it. The stockman's astonishment grew when the barman reached behind the counter and produced a 12-bore shotgun, took aim and let the aborigine have both barrels, knocking him into the street.
'Hey, what's up?' exclaimed the stockman, 'that's a bit stiff isn't it? The poor bastard . . .'
'Aw, Hell, no,' replied the barman, replacing the shotgun. 'This is a high class place. If I've told that bugger once, I've told him a thousand times. Don't use the bloody ladies!'

Late one night a police officer was checking parked cars and their occupants in the local Lovers' Lane. He looked into one car and to his amazement saw a young man reading a book in the front seat and a girl in the back seat knitting.
'What's going on here, then?'asked the policeman.
'Can't you see I'm reading a book?' replied the young man.
'I see, sir. And how old are you?'
'20, officer.'
'And what about the girl at the back, what's she doing?' he continued.
'She's knitting.'
'And how old is she?'
The young man looked at his watch. 'In exactly eleven minutes time, she'll be 16, officer.'

Harry: I went fishing with my new girl yesterday.
Paul: Catch anything?
Harry: I'll know in a few days.

'How would you like to wind up in the evening at my place listening to some records?' asked Arthur.
'Do you promise that we'll just listen to records?' countered Julie.
'I promise.'
'And if I don't like the records?'
'Then you can get dressed and go home.'

'I can't understand it, Doctor,' complained the girl. 'Every time I see a handsome muscular man on the beach, I get this funny feeling between my toes.'
'That's strange,' said the Doctor. 'Which toes?'
'The big ones,' she sighed.

I knew a young lady from Leek
Whose sexual responses were weak.
At the height of orgasm,
She gave one small spasm
And a barely perceptible squeak.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

The White Knight

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for home. With the bit firmly between his teeth Bishop kept after him and, closing again to 50 yards, put another short and accurate burst into the scarlet-painted scout. This time his bullets slammed home. The Albatros plunged earthwards in a screaming, uncontrollable dive and exploded in flames as it struck the ground.

Bishop had chalked up his first victim. And, quite literally, for 60 Squadron kept a score of individual successes on a large blackboard in the officers' mess. That night, Bishop glowed with satisfaction as he saw the solitary numeral scrawled against his name. It wasn't much by Ball's standards. But it was something to begin with.

From now on the Canadian was always in the thick of the fighting and the tally on the blackboard grew steadily. Ball, who had observed Bishop's dashing skill in battle, remarked: 'That chap's either part fool. Or quite the bravest man I've ever seen.' And as Ball well knew – the squadron's new recruit! But Bishop wanted single combat. He disliked the responsibilities and restrictions of formation fighting. And on Easter Sunday 1917 he enjoyed his first taste of success as a lone hunter. Wearing only a flying jacket over his vivid yellow silk pyjamas he climbed to 15,000 feet and waited. Before long a solitary single-seater appeared from the east and, oblivious to the danger, Bishop allowed the enemy pilot to get on his tail. For anyone less skilful it was a fool-hardy manoeuvre and an invitation to disaster. But Bishop knew what he was doing. As the German machine edged closer the silver Nieuport suddenly executed a quick loop, reappeared behind the enemy scout and sent it falling out of the sky with a savage burst of machinegun fire. Bishop's aim was deadly.

Spotting an observation balloon a mile or so away the Canadian swooped on it enthusiastically. Diving at full speed with the wind whistling through the bracing wires of the Nieuport's wings he levelled out at 300 feet and put a burst of tracer into the soggy guts of the gasbag – his wheels only just missing the top of the balloon as it crumpled in flames. A sudden rattle of machinegun fire warned him that a second Albatros was on his tail and throwing the Nieuport into a tight loop Bishop brought his machine behind and below his pursuer. Another burst of fire, this time from Bishop's Lewis gun, and the enemy aircraft lurched like a stricken bird as a stream of tracer bullets hammered into its belly. Flames flickered from the doped material, spread along the length of the fuselage and enveloped the Albatros in a cocoon of fire as it spun helplessly to earth.

Fifteen minutes later Bishop's Nieuport had clawed its way to 10,000 feet and was cruising watchfully five miles north-east of Arras. Sighting two enemy scouts some distance ahead the Canadian gunned his Le Rhône engine to full power and was soon flying so close to the tail of the rear machine that its companion did not dare to open fire. The first aircraft dropped like a stone after a short burst from Bishop's machinegun. Then, a side-slip to lose height, and he had the second in his sights. And to be in Bishop's sights meant certain death.

But his hunger was not yet appeased and, climbing to combat altitude, he headed off in the direction of Vitry. Within minutes he was engaged in battle with three more hostiles. But odds didn't worry Billy. Swooping from above he shot the rear machine out of the sky before the pilot had woken up to the fact that he had a Nieuport on his tail. Then he chased the second scout-plane in a series of tight circles for three minutes before disposing of it with another quick well-aimed burst. But that proved to be the end of the scrap. The third pilot, realising that this was no ordinary Nieuport, had taken advantage of the duel to flee eastwards for the safety of his own lines. And Bishop had to be content with a bag of four aircraft and a 'sausage'.

By early May, only six weeks after his first victory, Bishop's score was already a respectable fifteen and he had been awarded the Military Cross for his exploits. But he did not rest on his laurels. The Canadian offensive at Vimy Ridge was now in full swing and he was flying anything up to ten hours a day to protect his countrymen in the front line. The Squadron's casualties mounted and, on May 7, Ball's machine failed to return from patrol after tangling with the Red Baron's circus. Bishop had lost a teacher, mentor and friend. And that night he wrote: 'They have killed my dear friend – Richthofen and his scarlet gangsters. They are going to pay for this.'

And they did. For determined to avenge Ball's death Bishop now spent almost more time in the air than he did on the ground. In one single morning he fought nine engagements in the space of 1 hour 45 minutes although, on this occasion, he failed to secure any confirmed kills. But later that same day he took off with 60 Squadron's CO with the avowed intention of finding the Red Baron. As they approached Lens the Canadian's keen eye spotted five scarlet-painted machines in the distance and, obeying the CO's signal, they climbed to 15,000 feet.

As they hurtled down on the enemy formation Bishop saw one Albatros break away from the others as if inviting single combat. And the Albatros had the bright red ribbons of the flight-leader streaming from its wingtips and rudder. It was Richthofen himself! But Bishop's elation was short-lived. At the moment his Lewis gun fired its first burst the scarlet Albatros screamed into a tight loop and, seconds later, Bishop heard the bullets from the Baron's twin Spandaus whining over his head. One, in fact, passed so close it smashed a hole through his windshield. Faced by death Bishop remained calm. Kicking the rudder bar he threw the silver Nieuport sideways, found himself entangled in a mass of scarlet machines as the other four aircraft fought it out with the Major, pulled himself clear of the mad melee and, spotting Richthofen below, pushed the little biplane into a power dive that threatened to rip off its wings.

But the Baron was not exactly a novice when it came to air fighting. Another loop took him out of Bishop's sights and, moments later, the Albatros suddenly appeared below the RFC machine with its twin-guns blazing as it climbed to attack. Although the Canadian's flying skill enabled him to avoid the worst of the salvo the fabric of his starboard wing was ripped to shreds by Richthofen's bullets. He banked to the left but the Baron was still there and the two pilots started a circling death dance as each strove to get on the other's tail for the *coup de grâce*. Richthofen looped again but, pulling out unexpectedly early, he stormed in broadside and a badly shaken Bishop lost a sizeable chunk of tail-plane as he forced his protesting machine into another loop. This time it was his turn to draw blood. But as he brought the Nieuport into position the Lewis gun jammed!

Overheated by the fierceness of the battle the weapon had seized solid and nothing that Bishop was able to do would make it fire. But, just as he had given himself up as lost, he saw the Red Baron turn away and signal

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Bishop standing next to the aircraft that shot down so many, his favourite Nieuport 17.

Madeleine

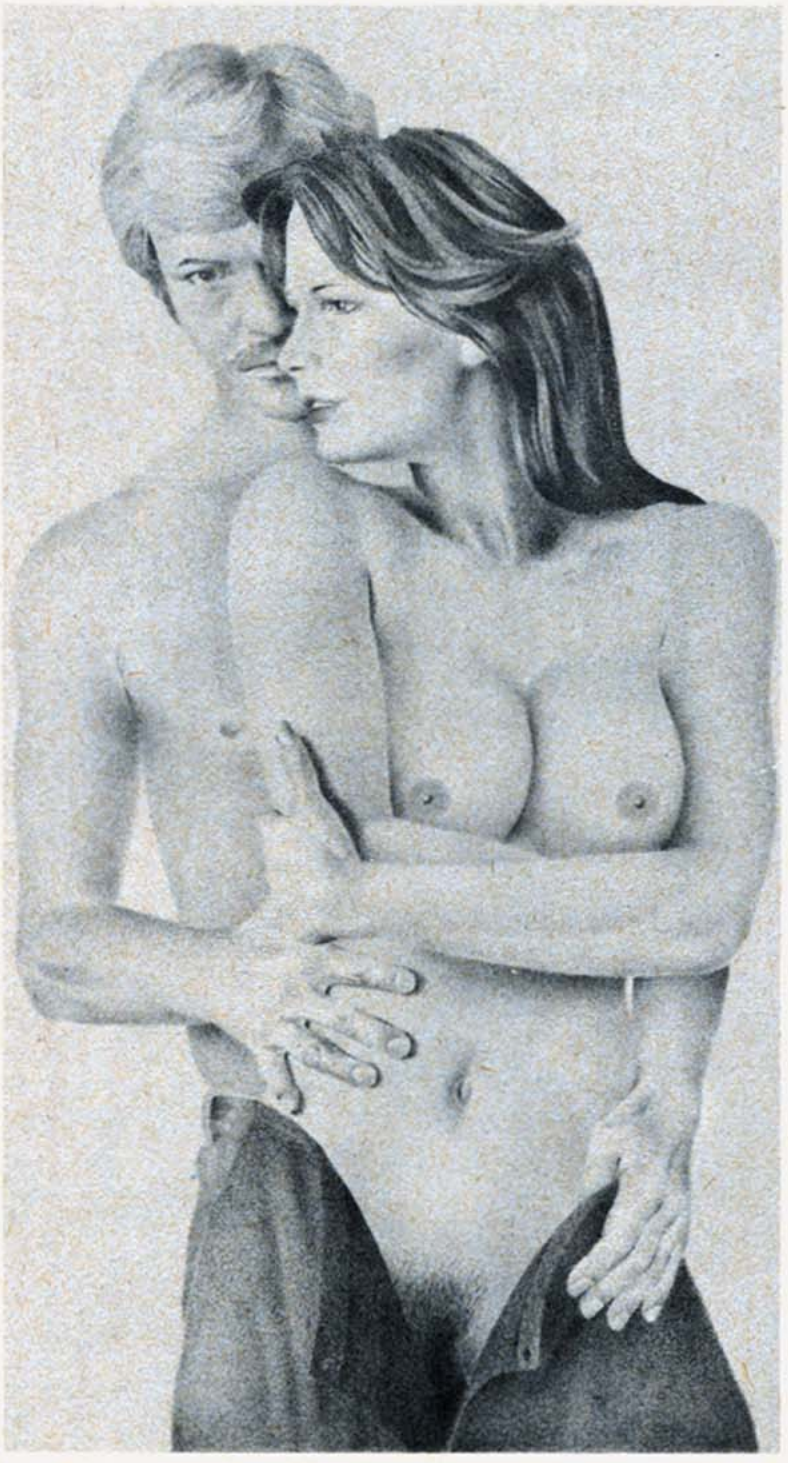
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

'Let me make one thing clear,' said 21-year-old Madeleine Burton, 'I'm no country bumpkin. Not everyone in Somerset chews straws and drinks cider all day. We are quite civilised really.' But there's no doubt that Yeovil's own 36-24-35 beauty adds to the attraction of the South West.

There's a surprising amount of night life around here,' the pretty part time receptionist told us. Apart from clubs in town, many of the village pubs have great discos. My favourite is *The White Hart* in a small village called Yetminster. 'The men there are easily the most handsome,' she smiled.

Not that Madeleine has a great deal of time for enjoying the pubs and clubs of the West Country. She is quite busy enough trying to combine her two separate careers. For when she is not welcoming people to the wholesalers where she works as a receptionist, Madeleine tours the country as a sales promoter for products that range from frying pans to fork lift trucks.

'But the worst by far was the farm egg promotion at a Bristol supermarket. Three of us were dressed as fluffy chicks with feathery costumes and tie-on beaks and had to ask housewives to try our fresh eggs. The trouble was that the feathers tickled terribly and made me sneeze. Worse still was the sign over the cardboard "chicken coop" where we stood. In large red letters 'it said proudly, "Laid today". No wonder we kept getting odd looks!'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Fourteen

The instant camera can be the trigger to unexpected, or heightened, sexual activity. This month we talk to three women who found that posing for Polaroid-type pictures gave a fillip to their enjoyment of sex.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

SHOP ASSISTANT, aged 20, blonde, town of origin Bath

The interviewee has had a variety of jobs but has never found a satisfying one. She lives with her boyfriend in a rented flat in the West Country.

Quest: What sort of jobs have you had?

Shop Assistant: What before this one? Oh, I was a receptionist for about two weeks, I worked in a cafe, I even sold encyclopaedias for a month. All very boring things.

Quest: What would you like to do if you had the choice?

Shop Assistant: Go on the stage, I suppose.

Quest: Acting?

Shop Assistant: No, dancing or something like that. I've always loved dressing up, I still do. I suppose I am a bit of a show-off.

Quest: How do you mean?

Shop Assistant: You mean it isn't obvious? Well, a couple of years ago I was really into the punk thing. I dyed my hair orange and had this great outfit I bought up in London – a leopard-skin teeshirt and this really tight pair of PVC trousers that would get warm and cling to you, just like another skin only black and shiny. Now you have to be a bit of a show-off to wear those round here.

Quest: What does your boyfriend think about your 'showing-off'?

Shop Assistant: What, Dave? He used to get quite embarrassed sometimes. I mean, I admit, after I've had a few I can do some pretty stupid things and he usually is the one trying to stop me going too far. Like the time I pulled my skirt and knickers down and stuck my bum out of the car window going up the M4. You should have seen the other driver's face – but Dave was furious. Mind you, he's got used to me now, especially now we've got the camera.

Quest: Camera?

Shop Assistant: Yes, the Polaroid. Well actually it's one of the other makes but it takes instant colour pictures. Now every time I do something daft, instead of feeling embarrassed he takes a picture of it. He hides behind it, if you see what I mean. We've got some amazing pictures too. There's me covered in cream cake after a food-fight at a party, Joanna and me in the fountains outside the Civic Centre not to mention the naughtier ones . . .

Quest: Naughtier ones?

Shop Assistant: Yeah . . . they don't just work outdoors you know.

Quest: What sort of thing?
Shop Assistant: Okay, well, I'll tell you the whole story. It started when I was in this local pantomime. It wasn't a real one – more of a sort of piss-take for the local teenagers. To give you some idea, it ends up with the Ugly Sister getting Prince Charming and Cinderella, that was me, with a custard pie in my face. Well, anyway, Dave had been given this camera for Christmas and came along to the show to take some pictures of it. It was the last night and we had really been taking it over the top. People were coming on when they shouldn't and ad-libbing. Furthermore, there were several bottles backstage which were getting emptier as the show went on. By the end when Prince Charming picked up the pie which was three times the usual size and pushed it in my face we were practically wetting ourselves with laughter. It really went down well and so we all sat backstage to finish off the booze. Dave joined us with the funniest photos I had ever seen and together we had a couple of bottles of wine and then went to the pub. By about half past ten we were both pretty pissed. I'd changed out of my costume into this tight skirt which I knew Dave really liked. It was a really silky material and when I had it on, I never bothered with knickers so I could feel it as it hugged my hips. We were both feeling pretty horny, but were still just messing about and giggling. It was only when we got home we started doing anything.
Quest: What happened?
Shop Assistant: By this time we were both well gone. We'd made our way home, Dave with his arm around me, his hand fondling my left breast, both of us lurching, giggling and stopping every so often as Dave swung me around and kissed me hard, our lips opening and our tongues pushing into each other's mouths. I remember him grabbing a cheek of my bottom and squeezing it through the silky material of my skirt and as he pressed against me I could feel him growing firm and hard. But we staggered on home. When we got there, having spent hours trying to get the key in the door, he practically threw me onto the sofa, said, 'Music' and put a Pink Floyd album on the record player before joining me on the sofa. Immediately he was pulling me down on him, his hand grabbing my boobs, pausing and moving to my bush which was already moist. The music was swelling as his fingers began to work at the hot damp curls beneath the thin material. I could feel him rubbing my thigh slowly pushing my skirt up around my hips and then I gasped as I felt his finger slip inside me. My hands had moved to his stiff penis and I pushed my hand down his trousers to feel his fullness in the palm of my hand. I was about to bring him to a sensational climax when I suddenly felt him slacken. 'It's no good, I'm too pissed,' he said. 'Oh, no, you're not,' I said but he wouldn't have anymore. So I went to make some coffee. As I was in the kitchen, I had an idea. He was always telling me how much he fancied girls in magazines like yours because of the way they start off clothed and then gradually peel down to being nude. What about a strip-tease? That might make him change his mind. So I took in his coffee, selected a slow saxophone piece for background music and tilted the table lamp so it just shone on me. He couldn't work out what the hell was going on.
Quest: Did it work?
Shop Assistant: I should say so. I began slowly at first, swaying with the music and rubbing my hands along the curves of my body. Down over my stomach, and then down, down, pulling tight the fabric of my skirt across my already damp crotch. He sat there entranced. When I let one hand move up to my breast, rolling it between my fingers and playing with the nipple under the cotton of my blouse. I began to undo the first button. 'Hang on,' he cried just as I was starting, 'this I must photograph' and out came the instant camera. I was a bit non-plussed at first but then the exhibitionist in me took over. Tantalisingly, I began again, Dave behind his lens suddenly sober. I fingered the first button of my blouse teasingly as the flash hit me. It blinded me at first but I thought of it as a show and carried on. One, two, three the buttons popped open to reveal first my cleavage then the ample swell of my breasts. I was loving every minute. Very slowly, I parted the blouse and began to pull one side off my shoulder. Looking at the milky white skin beneath I saw the second flash and I pulled the blouse away a little more. Slowly, very slowly, I pulled it off completely and let it fall to the ground. I could see that Dave was getting pretty turned on behind his camera. The light caught a tremendous bulge in his trousers – and it wasn't his spare lens! Next I came to my bra – I would leave the skirt till last knowing how it turned him on and in the light from the table lamp it had a fantastic sheen that went all the way down the curve of my hips. I held my hands below my breasts feeling their weight and imagining he was doing the same. Flash again went the camera as I delicately moved towards the clip at the front of it and slowly let it part. Flash, flash, went the camera. Dave obviously getting more turned on by the second. Gradually I let my breasts fall from the bra and slipped it from my shoulders. I thought of twirling it around and flinging it to him like you always see but instead let it tangle between my fingers before draping it over his chair. More flashes as my hands moved to my breasts and then back down to my skirt. I was hot and wet already and feeling my hand massaging the sticky hair beneath the silk was really turning me on. I was loving the attention too. His eyes glued on me and the camera capturing every second. Dave was taking them every five seconds now and using up a mountain of film. Finally my fingers began to toy with the button on my skirt. I undid it and slid down the zip, then I let it fall. 'Bugger', said Dave, 'I've run out of film.' 'Never mind,' I replied, 'you've got the real thing' and practically climbed on him as he sat on the sofa.

> "I held my hands below my breasts, feeling their weight. I began to imagine that he was doing the same."

Quest: Did you have sex then?
Shop Assistant: Christ, yes. We were both so hot, Dave through watching a personal strip-tease and capturing it for ever in print, and myself through the sort of performance that would close down Soho. All I had to do was pull his massive erection from the confines of his jeans and slip it into my hot, damp and waiting tunnel. It was only seconds before we both came and lay together more satisfied that we have ever been before. Then we started looking at the pictures, Dave had taken. I could feel him stirring again and I knew that we hadn't finished for the night. It wasn't long before I was easing his hard member into me again. His stiffness and sudden strength taking my breath away as we both pounded towards a climax. I knew then that his camera was just what Dave needed to overcome his shyness. And, of course, it was doing my exhibitionism good as well.
Quest: Do you still use the camera as part of your sexual activity?
Shop Assistant: It's practically the most important thing. Like I said, doing a strip-tease in front of the camera really does a lot for me and Dave and so we use it whenever we can. Mind you, it's not always just stripping. I'm taking dancing classes and I have been working out some routines for our photo sessions. They make Hot Gossip look pretty tame I can tell you. I have a lot of fun at work, thinking up ideas – I've even started making costumes for them. And Dave has the best collection of photos in the world. We must have the rudest family album ever. Last week, I even got out my old PVC trousers again. I pulled them on, zipped them up and it was only after a few steps of my latest routine that I was hot and steamy between my legs, the black plastic practically melting around my fanny. Dave really enjoyed sliding his hand in there. I want him to get a time delay for it now so he can be in the pictures too, but he is too shy at the moment. Can you imagine me in my PVC gear as we slowly undress one another and then him giving my hot wet pubes a good licking as I undo the zip of his trousers? And all on film! Just looking at the pictures again would have me coming on the spot. You really ought to think of getting one.
Quest: I shall. Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 2

CASHIER, 20 years old, brunette, town of origin Richmond
This interviewee joined a building society after leaving school with three O levels. She plans to marry when she and her fiance have saved for a house deposit.
Quest: Have you ever thought about posing for a photographer?
Cashier: No, I couldn't. I don't have the figure for it. Do I? I've only done it for my boyfriend. That doesn't count.
Quest: Why did you pose for him?
Cashier: It's a long story.
Quest: What type of pictures were they?

Cashier: It all sounds so dirty talking about it now. Well, if you must know, we took a whole range of pictures. Some, you know, topless, some with me nude, and even a couple of me with my . . . with my legs open, showing everything I've got. It's so embarrassing talking about it.

Quest: What type of camera was it?

Cashier: A Kodak. I got it for my nineteenth birthday as a present from my parents.

Quest: You had these pictures processed!

Cashier: Good heavens, no. What do you think I am? The camera's one of those instant ones. You take the picture and the motor sends out the print at the bottom and it develops in your hand – the picture I mean, silly.

Quest: How did you come to pose for these pictures anyway? You said it was a long story, I'm listening.

Cashier: Roger, that's my boyfriend, and I had been going out a couple of months when he started on about having a couple of pictures of me.

Quest: Was he talking of nude pictures?

Cashier: Not at first, but I got the impression that if I wasn't firm with him, then I'd finish up letting him have a topless one or something. Roger was very keen on photography and was taking night classes. I told him that he could take some head and shoulders of me or, you know, fully clothed leaning against a tree. You know the sort. He said he wanted one for his wallet. After I'd agreed he asked me if we could take a couple of me topless.

Quest: And what was your reply?

Cashier: Not on your life. It wasn't that I was against it for moral reasons or anything – as has been proved by what happened later – but I was afraid that if I gave him a picture of me topless he might be tempted to show it to his friends and that would be embarrassing. Besides, there'd be all those people at the place where the film's developed. Even though they wouldn't know me, I didn't fancy them ogling my titties.

Quest: And then came the instant camera?

Cashier: A month or so after that it was my birthday and I told Roger that I'd got the instant camera, but didn't know how to work it. It sounds daft but I don't know how to use things like that, as simple as everyone assures me they are. I even have difficulty changing a battery in my transistor.

Quest: When did you start taking sexy pictures?

Cashier: I didn't start till well after Roger had taken pictures of me. He came round to see me one evening my parents were out and while we were chatting he asked to have a look at the camera. I brought it down for him, still in the box and he loaded it with the cassette and battery, and said that he'd like to take one or two snapshots of me. He put on the flash bar thing and took a couple of shots and then he suggested that here was a good opportunity to take a topless one.

Quest: Did you agree?

Cashier: No, not at first anyway, but he kept on about it for a bit. Besides, before that I was a bit shy about taking my clothes off in front of him.

Quest: You had sex with him often?

Cashier: Not often, more occasionally. Of course he'd seen my boobs before, but usually when we made love it was more touching than looking, and mainly it was in a rush and done with most of our clothes on.

Quest: So what happened when you took your top off?

Cashier: I agreed, in the end, to let him take just one after he assured me that I could keep the print and destroy it if I wanted and that there was no way anyone would see it. I lifted my arms and took off my jumper and sat there in my bra and skirt. He started making 'Corr' noises and when I put my arms round my back and undid my bra he shifted visibly, and I noticed there was a growing bulge in the front of his trousers. I kept my hands in front of me in some sham of modesty until he took me sort of full-frontal. I remember that he came and sat next to me on the edge of my bed while the thing developed.

> **'He pulled away and I thought he was getting himself out. There was a flash. 'That's a good one,' he said.'**

Quest: Did you make an effort to cover your breasts?

Cashier: Not really, there didn't seem much point, and then as we sat together and watched the picture developing Roger put his arm round me and brushed against my boob. I started feeling hot, seeing a topless me develop in my hand. It made me feel tingly all over, especially down there. That's lovely, Roger was saying, could he take another? This time in just my knickers. I agreed, so I stood up and took off my skirt and tights, and I came and sat on the bed again. Roger was next to me still, and it felt electrifying when he put his hand on my leg and he lent over to kiss me. I was acting like a girl on her first date again, but it was lovely. He started massaging my boobs, sending shivers down my spine and making my nipples really stand out. Come on, he said, take off those silly knickers, they look like a pair of nappies. They were the long sort, so I did. He took one of me with my legs tightly together so you couldn't see anything but a little patch of pubes.

Quest: Did he take any other photos?

Cashier: He came over and kissed me again – I was getting worried too about my parents coming home – and his hand moved between my legs. He had this habit of just sort of tickling me there on my thighs which made me go all goose-bumpy. And then he moved his hand higher, just ever so lightly brushing over my bush. You're damp there, he said. I was, I know it. It was all such a turn-on. I'd never ever contemplated that sort of thing before. I remember closing my eyes and throwing my head back savouring in it as he worked his fingers over my slit, brushing my button and gradually easing one, then two fingers inside me. He pulled away and I thought he was getting his cock out and then there was this incredible flash. That should be a good one, he said.

Quest: He'd taken an open-legged shot?

Cashier: Christ! I thought. My Dad would die of a heart attack if he saw that. You could see everything, all my curly bits and my slit was glistening. That's fantastic Roger was saying. Watching it develop made me terribly frustrated – I was dying to feel him inside me. I squeezed my hand down there and pressed my legs hard together. Roger could see what I was doing and came over to me. Let *me*, he said. I found it all an amazing sexual thing. I mean Roger and I up to then hadn't seen each other totally naked before, and there was I starkers with a terrible ache and about to finger myself to orgasm.

Quest: What did Roger do?

Cashier: He came over to me and prised my legs apart then he buried his head down there. It was amazing feeling his breath on my thighs and then the delicious tingling as his warm lips kissed me. My heart seemed as though it would explode it was beating so fast; my face seemed hot; all I could do, all I wanted to do was lie back and enjoy it. But the most fantastic thrill came when I felt his tongue just edge into me. Oh no, this is fantastic I was thinking. Girlfriends had told me about being licked, but I'd never thought of it before, and as it happened Roger had never done it either. I've never been so worked up as then. He started teasing me, withdrawing his tongue and licking me all over, on my thighs, up round my navel, all over but where it would do the most good. Finally, I grabbed him by the hair and pulled him into me. Lick me, I begged him, lick me hard, and by that time he needed no encouragement. I could feel my orgasm building as I lifted my bottom off the bed and ground myself into his face.

Quest: Did you have sex proper?

Cashier: No, not then, I'd only just gone on the pill and it wasn't safe that first month, and Roger had no thingies. He had to be content with me relieving his erection. After he'd gone and I went through the photos I found there was one short. There are ten in a pack and there was one left in the camera but I could only find eight and I'd forgotten how many naughty ones he'd taken.

Quest: You thought that he'd taken one of them for himself?

Cashier: Yes. I was terrified he might show it to his mates. It was in the days, however, before I got to know Roger really well. We're talking of getting married in a year or so, when we've saved enough to buy a house.

Quest: Did you question him about the missing picture?

Cashier: Yes, I phoned him at work the next day. I was terrified in case it had got lost in the room and Mum found it when she was doing the linen, or something.

Quest: Did he have it?

Cashier: Yes he did. But I got my own back.

Quest: How?

Cashier: I think it's funny, really. But when Roger came to see me next time I asked if I could have some pictures of him. I'd gone out and bought another film and so for a laugh he agreed. We did the same sort of thing as before although he refused point blank to do any pictures of him without any clothes on. I started teasing him about his

size, how he didn't want anything to compare and then I showed him a picture from a *Playgirl* magazine I had bought years before. He tried to kid me that lots of those men have hard-ons and tie their willies down to make them look bigger. It sounded pretty feeble to me, but still he refused, so I let it ride.

Quest: What happened later?

Cashier: We began kissing on the bed and Roger started massaging my boobs. Do you think we should, I asked him. It's all right I've bought something with me this time, just in case, he said. My breasts are very sensitive and sometimes when I play with them myself I can achieve an orgasm. I was very worked up and so I started rubbing Roger through his trousers. We were still very inexperienced as lovers really at that time you must remember – there wasn't an awful lot of foreplay, not like we have now.

Quest: So you made love?

Cashier: Roger had my jumper up over my boobs and my bra was undone and he started moving his head down towards my boobs, gently nibbling my nipples. I could feel his other hand searching out between my legs desperately trying to get inside the knicker elastic. In bed, I told him, we'll do it properly this time. Go over there and take your clothes off, I told him, not in precisely those words. In the meantime I got the camera ready. He had his back to me as he undressed and I had the camera beside the bed so that as he turned round with his erection in front of him, I popped up the camera and caught him fair and square. You rat, he told me and made a lunge at me on the bed as the picture came out. It was a great one – you should see the look on his face as he realised. He looks so manly too as he's sort of three-quarter on to me and his penis is sticking out so proudly like some lance. I think it's the way the shadow falls – it actually looks bigger than it is. We had a giggle over it and I told him I'd be keeping it just in case – for insurance if you like.

Quest: In case he showed your picture?

Cashier: Yes. All a bit silly really, as if we ever would.

Quest: Did you take any more pictures that night?

Cashier: No, we didn't get the chance. After laughing about that one, Roger took me in his arms and we started snogging. I could feel his warm penis pressing into me and I wanted it so much. We started kissing again and he began kneading my breasts and I put my hand down and took hold of him and guided him – I hate touching those condoms – into me. Poor boy, he started in gradually at first and then he began pounding into me really fast. I was groaning with pleasure, and then I had that marvellous feeling just about to break over me when I felt him give one last plunge, stiffen and collapse on me.

Quest: Did you orgasm?

Cashier: I know we shouldn't have but I managed to get him rigid again and this time he lasted much longer, enough to make me orgasm. Then we heard Mum and Dad drive up to the garage. Roger lept from bed so fast I've never seen anyone move like that. I quickly put the camera up and took a picture of him putting on his trousers – no time for underpants – with his bare bum on display. Right after that I jumped up, put on a sweatshirt and jeans, straightened the bed and we both tumbled downstairs into the living room, on with the TV, all before they managed to reach the front door. It was lucky for us that that night Mum had had a bit too much to drink and dropped her keys and they spent a vital 30 seconds or so searching for them.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

STUDENT, 20 years old, blonde, town of origin Newcastle

This interviewee left school at 18 with three A levels. She is studying for an English degree at a southern university and shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: Do you consider yourself to be sexually experienced?

Student: Well, no more than most girls my age, I suppose. I have been to bed with various men, but I'm not what you might call an easy lay. I'm a little more discerning, despite the reputation students seem to have.

Quest: So you weren't a virgin when you met Dave?

Student: No, of course not.

Quest: Why 'of course not'?

Student: I don't think many girls of my age are these days. I mean, it's so easy now with the pill and everything, isn't it. Most girls have boyfriends at some stage and it's natural to go to bed with them, isn't it?

Quest: Are you on the pill?

Student: Yes.

Quest: Do you consider yourself to be experimental when it comes to sex?

Student: I don't go in for rubber wear and unusual apparatus, if that's what you mean. But I admit I do like trying different things.

Quest: I was referring to the photos you told us about in your letter.

Student: Oh, those. Yes, I admit that little episode did excite me.

Quest: Was that what led to you going to bed with Dave?

Student: Yes, at the time. We might have had sex together anyway, eventually, but I hadn't known him long then. I usually like to get know a guy fairly well before we have sex, but I was turned on by the pictures.

Quest: How did you meet Dave?

Student: In a pub. I had a job behind the bar at weekends and I got chatting to him one lunchtime when there weren't many customers.

Quest: Did you find him attractive?

Student: Yes, or I wouldn't have gone out with him. He was quite good-looking, very friendly and had a good sense of humour which I think is important in a man.

Quest: Did you go out many times together before you had sex?

Student: Let's see. It was about two weeks, so we must have gone out together two or three times.

Quest: How did the idea of photos crop up?

Student: In his car. He picked me up one night and on the front seat he had one of those Polaroid cameras, you know, those ones which give instant pictures. He had it for his job, he is an estate agent and took pictures of properties with it.

Quest: Did he suggest taking pictures of you?

Student: Yes, but not just out of the blue. The subject came up gradually. We were laughing and joking about the thousands of sexy snaps which must have been taken with that sort of camera over the years, and I asked him if he had ever taken any.

Quest: Had he?

Student: He said he hadn't and it seemed to be true. Then he said he'd like to take a few shots of me to remember me by when he was old and past it, not nude ones or anything like that, but possibly with me showing a bit of cleavage.

Quest: You agreed?

Student: Yes. I didn't mind, so we stopped in a quiet lane on our way back from the pub that evening. By then I'd had a couple of drinks so I was feeling more relaxed. Though I wasn't drunk by any means.

Quest: Did he take them in the car?

Student: Yes. It was summer and quite warm, so I took off my jacket and undid a couple of buttons on my blouse, just the top two, but enough to show a bit of cleavage as I don't wear a bra and I'm not small in that department.

Quest: What happened?

Student: He took a couple and showed them to me. They came out quite well and he said how sexy I looked. I was flattered and tried to look even sexier by undoing another button. These shots looked better and I began to get turned on. Well, gradually he persuaded me to undo my blouse completely. I was enjoying it because I suppose I'm a bit of an exhibitionist at heart, and I thought it was harmless. After all, I sunbathe topless on the beach, and this wasn't really any different.

> **'He took a couple of snaps and showed me, saying how sexy I looked. I was flattered and tried undoing another button.'**

Quest: So he got you to go topless for the photos?

Student: Yes.

Quest: Did you have sex that night?

Student: No, well, not properly.

Quest: Please explain.

Student: Well, we took some topless shots and I was feeling quite turned on by them – I'd never had photos taken of me looking sexy before. So I didn't resist when Dave leaned over and kissed me. In fact I enjoyed it as I could feel the rough material of his shirt rubbing against my boobs, making my nipples hard and sensitive. I love having my boobs played with and that began to arouse me – the feel of the material – so I didn't object when I felt his hand slowly move up my stomach and cup one boob. He had his tongue deep in my mouth as he began to stroke and squeeze my boobs, gently rolling my nipples between his fingers and thumbs. Then he moved his mouth lower, kissing me

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on the neck and moving down to my boobs. I shuddered with excitement when he took one nipple in his warm mouth and I felt his tongue flicking across it, teasing me and working me up.

Quest: Did you go any further?

Student: A bit. I began to feel very damp down there and I wanted to feel Dave's cock, to see if he was as turned on as me. I reached out and put my hand on his crotch. He felt hot and hard, and his erection was pushing against the material of his trousers, so I unzipped him. I wanted to see his hard thing

> 'I tried to sort out an outfit which looked sexy, so I put on a long satin dress, black stockings and garters.'

and to feel it. Then I released him and he stood free and proud.

Quest: Did you masturbate him?

Student: Yes, with my boobs. He looked so hard and strong that I wanted to feel his cock between my boobs, to feel his hardness against me. I leant over him and held my boobs so I could grip him between them, then I began to move up and down on him, occassionally rubbing a nipple across the head of his thing. It felt wonderful and I'm sure he enjoyed it as well for he began to breathe loudly and after a few minutes he was groaning.

Quest: Did he climax?

Student: I should say so. He warned me that he was about to climax, but I carried on, I wanted to feel him come all over my boobs. I rubbed it into my boobs as he lay back breathing heavily. I'd never done that before, but I felt so horny.

Quest: Why didn't you go any further?

Student: I didn't want to make love properly in the car, it was a Cortina and too cramped. And anyway I had an early seminar the next day which I didn't dare miss, I'd missed too many that term already.

Quest: Did you arrange to meet again?

Student: Yes, he asked me round for dinner the next night and I accepted. He also suggested I bring round some different clothing so we could take some more shots. I liked the idea of that so I said OK.

Quest: Did you take more shots?

Student: Yes. After the meal, a really good steak dinner which he cooked himself, I went and changed into the costume I'd brought round. I'd tried to sort out an outfit which looked sexy, so I put on a long satin dress, slit to the waist, with black stockings and black garters to match the colour of the dress. And high heels of course. Dave seemed quite turned on and we took various shots of me showing my stockings and so on. Then he asked me to take the dress off.

Quest: Did you?

Student: Yes. I was feeling turned on by all that sexy posing, and I wanted him to see my sexy undies. I took the dress off and kept on my black lace pants, the stockings and garters. Dave was snapping away like mad and I could see he was excited. Then I sat on the sofa and took off one of my stockings. That turned him on even more and he knelt down, took hold of my foot and kissed my painted toes, which tickled and felt good at the same time. I took the other stocking off and was just left in the tiny pants, which I soon dropped.

Quest: Did you take any totally nude shots?

Student: Yes. I lay on the sofa while Dave snapped away. I felt more horny than I had in a long time as I lay there in a wanton way, legs open to him and his camera. I stared at his bulge and began to imagine what it would be like to feel his cock deep inside me, and almost without thinking I began to rub my fingers over my pussy, just lightly at first, but then slipping them inside as I got wet until I was working away at my little button and fast building up to a climax.

Quest: What did Dave do?

Student: He carried on taking pictures until I began to start moaning, then he forgot his camera and knelt down and buried his face between my legs. I felt his tongue flicking across my slit and then probing into my most sensitive place. It felt so good I held him by the hair and pushed his face against me as his tongue pushed deep inside.

Quest: Did you climax?

Student: I should say so. I love oral sex, but I've never reached such an intense climax that way before.

Quest: Did you have actual intercourse?

Student: Yes. I lay on the sofa in a virtual daze as Dave stripped off his clothing. He was as hard as a rock as he straddled my face and lowered his cock toward my mouth. I didn't need any prompting and flicked my tongue across the knob, teasing him before taking him in my mouth. I moved my head up and down on his cock while I tickled his balls with my fingernails. I slid my mouth up and down his length faster and faster until he told me to stop and said he wanted to fuck me. He stood up, rolled me over on the sofa and gently slipped into me from behind. I was so wet I hardly felt him slide in, but when he pushed deep into me it felt so good I gasped. I love being entered from behind and feeling a man pushing into me like that. His hands gripped my hips as he pumped in and out, slowly at first but gradually building up speed and pushing harder with every stroke.

Quest: Did you climax?

Student: Oh yes, we both did, virtually at the same time. I began to reach my climax, then he suddenly shuddered and went stiff as I felt his orgasm. That really pushed me over the top and I just collapsed on the sofa as wave on wave of powerful feelings swept over me.

Quest: Did you have sex again that night?

Student: Yes. When we had recovered a bit we looked at the photos Dave had taken as I was masturbating. He was so busy watching me at the time he hadn't bothered looking at them. We were both so turned on looking at them that we made love again, this time with me straddling Dave and riding him. Then it was my turn to be a photographer.

Quest: Please explain.

Student: After he came the second time I took a photo of him as he lay there exhausted. It looked really funny.

Quest: Thank you.

The White Knight

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the rest of the group to follow. Recognising a worthy antagonist Richthofen had scorned the opportunity of an easy victory and refused to shoot down a machine which the jammed gun had made defenceless. It was a lesson in chivalry that Bishop never forgot.

Bishop had fought the Red Baron in single combat. And he had survived. It was a claim that few other pilots lived to make!

Bishop's confidence seemed unaffected by his flirtation with death and 60 Squadron remained in the forefront of the battle for aerial supremacy. There were fights every day and, despite many victories, the pilot casualty list grew at an alarming rate. But Billy continued to bear a charmed life. One morning, having shot down a two-seater over the trenches, he encountered five hostiles – two observation ships protected, at high altitude, by three scouts. Flying out of the sun Bishop threw his machine at the two-seaters. But they proved to be smarter than he had anticipated and he suddenly found one on his tail.

There was only one thing to do in the circumstances. And Bishop did it. He closed up on the rear of the second machine and clung so tenaciously to its tail that the gunner in the other aircraft did not dare to open fire for fear of hitting his comrade. Then, for no apparent reason, the first machine suddenly turned away and vanished. Bishop wasted no time wondering why. He brought the Nieuport alongside the two-seater, fired a long burst that killed the gunner, and then circled away as he watched it plummet in flames.

In the excitement of the skirmish Bishop had forgotten about the three scout-planes and was rudely reminded of their presence a few moments later as they came at him with their twin Spandaus blazing. Billy's response was typical. Instead of turning away he pushed the Nieuport into a steep climb and flew straight at the trio on a deliberate collision course. The enemy's nerve broke first and as the three aircraft swung out of his path he gave the centre machine a burst that sent it tumbling out of the sky. Now he was left with two opponents and for the next few minutes the three aircraft circled behind each other, striving to draw a bead. Bishop broke up the macabre dance with a sudden loop but as he levelled out he found that he had run out of ammunition. Undeterred by the discovery he threw his aircraft into a full-throttle dive and flashed down on the bewildered duo like a bat out of hell. Too scared to realise that the Nieuport's gun was silent the enemy machines swung quickly out of Bishop's hurtling path and, equally quickly, high-tailed eastwards out of harm's way. It was a neat finale to an interesting scrap and Bishop was well pleased with himself as he made his way home.

After only two months with 60 Squadron Billy's tally of victims had risen to twenty and, despite his lack of seniority, he was promoted to captain. And in response to the luridly coloured German scout-planes with which he tangled every day Bishop had the nose cowling of his Nieuport painted light blue so that the enemy would instantly recognise his machine whenever he took to the skies. It was, of course, a risk for it ensured that his aircraft would be singled out for attack. But it was a challenge. And Bishop was always for that.

Returning to France after a short spell of leave in England he was concerned to find that he had lost his fighting edge – a phenomenon also shared by the Red Baron and many other famous aces after a taste of home. His marksmanship was no longer deadly accurate and he seemed lacking in confidence – unwilling to hurl himself pell-mell into a scrap. But gradually the old fighting spirit returned and, by dint of continual practice, Bishop slowly recovered his skill.

Then, satisfied that he was back on form, he told his orderly to call him at three the next morning – his day off, incidentally – and just before dawn, wearing only a flying jacket and his inevitable silk pyjamas, Bishop took off in search of excitement and headed towards Vimy Ridge. A light mist shrouded the trenches beneath and the air was chill. Bishop repressed a shiver and droned onwards over the battle-torn ground in the direction of the pink-fingered dawn.

But the enemy airfield he had carefully pinpointed on the map proved to be only a deserted huddle of wooden huts and he repressed his disappointment with a wry smile as he made a low level sweep over the abandoned hangars. Regaining altitude he checked his charts again and set off in search of the next aerodrome a mile to the east. This time Bishop's luck was in. A number of machines were lined up along the edge of the flying-field with their engines warming up in readiness for a dawn patrol while ground crews scurried busily around them checking fuel levels, ammunition, and weapons.

The Nieuport glided down to 500 feet on a dead engine as Bishop surveyed the scene. Then, switching on the motor, he climbed high into the sky, banked into a steep turn, and pushed the silver projectile into a full-throttle dive. His Lewis gun rattled a lethal reveille and a hail of bullets scythed across the assembly area. Men ran in all directions. Some found shelter behind the huts. But some lay motionless where they had fallen. Bishop put the scout-plane into a climbing turn and circled the field. A German pilot ran towards a parked single-seater, climbed in, and took off in pursuit.

Bishop waited until the aircraft was clear of the ground before swooping on to its tail. A burst of machinegun fire slammed into the brightly painted fuselage and he saw the machine crumple in mid-air before it smashed to pieces on the dew dampened grass of the flying field. Kicking the rudder bar and hauling back the stick the Canadian screamed up into the sky and circled the aerodrome again. A second scout-plane was taking off. The Nieuport hurled itself down like an avenging eagle and the rattle of the Lewis gun echoed across the field. The enemy machine exploded in a ball of fire as it struck a tree and exploded.

Two more scout planes got off the ground and Bishop clawed for height. One enemy pilot, more courageous than his companion, climbed in pursuit and the men below watched the two machines reaching up into the blue void of the early morning sky. Surely the *Englischer* could not escape now. But Bishop had other ideas. As the single-seater came within range he pushed the protesting Nieuport into an Immelmann turn, circled quickly to the right, and dived on his erstwhile pursuer. He had only one drum of ammunition left and he emptied it into the enemy ship. It staggered drunkenly. The Mercedes engine coughed, roared wildly, and then stopped. Flames licked from the fuselage as leaking petrol fuelled the fire. Suddenly the aircraft turned over onto its back and plummetted earthwards.

With no ammunition left Bishop turned away and headed for home. He was now under heavy fire from the airfield's ground defences and, flying on an empty stomach, he felt sick and dizzy. Four scouts chased him towards the front line but, unaware that the Nieuport was defenceless, warily kept their distance. It needed a very brave man to tackle Bishop when his tail was up.

The dawn raid earned Bishop the VC and established his reputation as one of the greatest fighting pilots of all time. But, so far as the Canadian was concerned, just to be alive was achievement enough. Of the men serving with 60 Squadron when Bishop had first joined the unit in March not one had survived!

In August 1917 Bishop was withdrawn from

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'We're done for, mate, it's Horace von Illegible, the daredevil Bavarian air ace!'

Trish

To look at pert 21-year-old Trish Thomas you would not guess that she goes to bed with Tom, Dick and Harry every night. But there's no need for envy for they are just teddy bears, part of her massive collection of fifty of the beasts.

Trish's Hammersmith flat is inundated with furry toys, though her boyfriends think her 34-23-35 figure is the most cuddly of them all. 'I always sleep with my three favourites, teddies of course, and a guy once told me that either they went or he did. We came to a compromise – they went as far as the

chair, while he went all the way.' Trish works in the typing pool of a large West London company where her colleagues call her Goldilocks, in spite of her dark hair. Twice a week Trish plays netball with some of the girls. 'I enjoy a good physical work-out and find the exercise really invigorating.'

The White Knight

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front-line service and sent back to England. He now had a bar to his DSO and in five months of fighting had shot down 47 aircraft and driven a further 23 out of the sky in the course of 110 combats. It was during the latter part of this period that he met Richthofen for the second time in a wild duelling dogfight that was destined to become a legend amongst pilots on both sides.

And it gave Bishop the opportunity to demonstrate that he was now the Red Baron's equal. They clashed at 7,000 feet, fighting like demented alley cats as they pulled every trick in the book on each other. And to those who were privileged to witness this battle of the giants it was nothing short of a miracle that the two tortured machines did not break to pieces from the stresses to which they were subjected. But Bishop finally trapped the Baron and emptied a drum into the scarlet fuselage of the Albatros. Richthofen fell into a spin. His machine seemed to be completely out of control. Down and down it went twisting and spiralling through 4,000 feet of empty sky. But, at the last moment, the Baron levelled out, gunned his engine to maximum power, and streaked eastwards for home. No one, not even Manfred von Richthofen, was prepared to fight it out to the death with the White Knight of Canada – as the newspapers had styled Bishop in reply to Germany's over-publicised Red Baron.

But when Bishop returned to the front on May 22, 1918 things had changed. Richthofen was dead. And so were many others – friend and enemy. Billy was now a major and in command of 85 Squadron. But to Bishop's disgust the War Office regarded him as too important to risk and he was grounded although, to be fair, this was not a personal decision. Most squadron commanders were forbidden to fly combat patrols. But, nevertheless, it rankled.

Then, one day, a newcomer to the Squadron was shot down by the Richthofen *Jagdgeschwader*, now commanded by a certain Hermann Goering. The incident made Bishop see red and, disobeying orders, he took an SE-5a over the Front and dropped a note to Goering, inviting him to single combat. But Hermann ignored the challenge. Bishop's reputation was as well known to the German Air Force as it was in the RFC. And Goering had no intention of committing suicide!

But Bishop was not to be denied. He began his famous series of lone patrols again crossing and recrossing the front in search of the Circus. On one occasion he met up with six Boche and hurled himself at them like a terrier chasing a rat. By the time the scrap was over he had shot down three and sent the others scurrying for shelter. Yet he was in the air again within an hour cleaving the skies for combat – and for Germans to shoot down. His score had crept up to 67. And he had taken the final twenty in just ten days. Then the War Office stepped in to put an end to his capers by ordering him back to London for an Air Ministry appointment. And on the morning of his departure from France, Bishop climbed into an SE-5a for his last historic patrol. Having cleared Ypres he spotted three of Germany's latest scout-planes. Alone and unafraid, he tore down on the Pfalzs and sent one spinning in flames with a short burst from his guns. The other pair swung round to counter the attack but Bishop's meteoric flying skill got them into such a confused muddle that they collided in mid-air and fluttered to the ground locked together in a final embrace. Two more swooped from above and Bishop skidded the SE-5a into a violent turn to meet them. Something warned the enemy pilots that they were facing the messenger of Death. Breaking off, they stood on the tails and climbed for the ceiling. But Bishop was following hard on their heels and he opened fire at 200 yards. The rear machine faltered, threw back its nose, and fell out of the sky like a cart-wheeling duck winged by a wildfowler. Four out of five. Not bad by any standard!

Bishop continued over the line in search of trouble. It was his last day of war and he no longer cared. Closing on Neuve Eglise he could see a two-seater trundling over the battlefield. He came up underneath, raked it with red-hot steel, and sent it crashing to the ground. Then, just for good measure, and because he hated the Boche, he shot up a column of marching soldiers and scattered them in all directions before climbing back into the clouds for the journey home.

In the space of two hours he had claimed five victims. And in those final twelve days of fighting mayhem he had shot down no less than 25 aircraft. He already held the VC, DSO and MC. So they awarded him the newly created DFC for his efforts. Bishop would have preferred a renewal of his ticket as a front-line flier but the authorities had other ideas. And as a full-ranking lieutenant colonel, he was sent back to England to finish the war as a desk-bound administrator.

They called Bishop the man without fear. And it was a fair assessment of his head-on fighting tactics. But there was an occasion when he readily admitted to being frightened. And the awesome ordeal took place at Buckingham Palace where King George was to decorate him with the VC, the DSO and the MC. 'The first occasion,' His Majesty observed, 'on which I have bestowed all three of these honours on any one subject.'

'Time for "off wigs", sergeant, next station's Aldershot.'

For as Bishop started on the regulation thirty paces across the polished floor of the investiture room before bowing to the monarch his boots began to squeak. And at every step the squeak was repeated.

By the time he reached the dais his face was as scarlet as the Red Baron's triplane. He was, he told a friend, 'more frightened at that moment than at any other time in the war.'

Bishop's war record, however, has been the target of considerable controversy. The majority of his victories were obtained on solo missions deep behind emeny lines. And this meant that few were observed or confirmed by other pilots or independent witnesses. Most, in fact, would have been disallowed under the stringent rules adopted by the RAF in World War II.

To cloud the issue air historians have been involved in a longstanding dispute over the methods used to assess victories during the Kaiser War. The mere act of forcing an enemy aircraft to land, whether under control or not, was sufficient to merit a 'kill'. Indeed Albert Ball's biographer, Kiernan, only credited his hero with 10 aircraft destroyed in the air against the official tally of 43 after he had eliminated those 'driven down'.

The criticisms aimed at Bishop, however, were of a more serious nature. Despite long years of painstaking research historians have failed to identify a substantial number of his alleged victims in the German archives. And even more damning – enemy records contain no reference to the famous airfield attack which won him the Victoria Cross. It is, of course, possible that the files relating to this particular aerodrome have been lost or destroyed in the course of time. But the ommission must inevitably leave a large question mark against Bishop's apparently flamboyant claims.

Nevertheless, the RFC, RNAS and RAF were meticulously cautious in assessing victories. And it is quite certain that no pilot was credited with a 'kill' unless the authorities were satisfied with the authenticity of the claim. So why was Bishop singled out for attack? In point of fact he was not the only flier to have his record called in question. The British habit of decrying their heroes is not a new phenomenon. Towards the latter stages of the war there was fierce competition amongst fighter pilots to chalk up the highest score. And, rather surprisingly, a great deal of petty jealousy – not to mention sour grapes. Some fliers, like Bishop and Richthofen, were accused of inflated claims or of choosing victims who were 'easy meat'. Others, Mick Mannock for example, were said to have given credit for their own successes to new members of a squadron to improve morale and that their actual scores were higher than official figures. After 60 years of ever muddier waters we are unlikely to discover the real truth.

Some of Bishop's more uncharitable critics would claim that the Canadian's squeaky boots hid the proverbial feet of clay. The official record, however, says otherwise. And to cast doubt on Bishop's impressive tally of 72 enemy aircraft destroyed would be to call in question the scores of every other air ace of World War I!

The Juice

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a silent, residential backstreet. Ergo, if we find a stray, the chances are that she's on her way home to her cocoa, a truly suitable test case for the Juice.

We are not kept waiting long.

She is absolutely stunning; tall, lithe and walking with an assurance that makes me suspect she's very probably a black belt in karate.

"She'll do," enthuses Ted, but then he would.

"She looks a bit of a tough number to me," I say.

Her hair is spikey, bleached, stark under the street-lamps, and her face is made up à la punk with black eye shadow, vivid lip-stick and dark streaks to accentuate her high cheek bones and hollow cheeks. She's tried to look like all the other lads of her age and failed, because from the neck down she's just the way I like them.

A studded leather jacket gapes wide and we can see that her T-shirt has got its work cut out to contain her. A leather mini-skirt, creased and riding high, rides up her thighs invitingly with every long stride she takes. Dark tights and black high heels complete this vision and I must admit that she does exude a certain raunchy charm. Who am I kidding? I can't wait to pour the Juice down her throat.

She draws close and tries to pass.

"Good evening," say I.

"Sod off, dirt box," she replies, with the lack of respect inherent in her generation.

"No, no," I persist. "You misunderstand me, madam."

"You misunderstand, mate," she says, drawing back her right fist with a remarkable display of courage; not, I'm sorry to say, matched by me. I step out of the way sharply but do try one more ploy.

"We are market researchers," I lie. I don't like telling lies, but then we are researching and it could just as easily be in a market, because we'd do it anywhere, believe me.

"Market researchers?" she exclaims, mistrust in her voice. "At ten thirty at night?"

"We haven't found the public very willing to co-operate," I continue. "The trouble is we can't pack in for the night until we've found one more person to taste this new tonic." I wave the bottle under her nose. "You wouldn't care to oblige, would you?"

"They need a tonic more than I do," she laughs, and I must admit that my trio of friends do look a trifle needy.

"Come on then," she says suddenly and takes the bottle from me, unscrews its cap and drains it. Barney, Stan and Ted stare in wide-eyed anticipation.

"Right, sexy, you're coming back to my place. Okay?"

"If you say so," she drawls and her eyes narrow in momentary confusion as the juice works its way down.

'We're going to see what you keep under all that leather," I explain, but she obviously couldn't care less, because she's linked arms with me and is all set to go.

"Come on lads," I say. "Proof is on its way."

She's sitting on the sofa in my flat, quiet and expectant.

"Take your jacket off, love," I suggest and she's done it in a trice, settling back, her breasts thrusting under her T-shirt, her leather skirt gathered up, revealing the tops of her tights.

Barney is standing beside me, looking somewhat more convinced. Stan and Ted are hovering opposite the sofa, trying to see up the girl's skirt. Their faces are a picture. They want to believe they can take liberties but can't quite manage it.

"Go on, Ted," I prompt. "Ask her."

Ask her what?"

"Ask her to open her legs, if that's what you want."

She looks at me, then at Ted.

"Will you, please?" he mumbles, and with a thin smile she parts her knees, spreading them as far apart as she can and languishing back temptingly.

"I can't believe this," observes Stan, moving in closer. Ted is quick to follow and even Barney moves round to get a better view of what's on display.

"Would you take your knickers and tights off?" stutters Ted.

"Take everything off," adds Barney eagerly.

"One at a time," protests the girl, and in deference to Ted deals with his request first, easing her bottom off the sofa and peeling her bikini briefs down. She kicks them away and at this stage I join the rest, feasting my eyes on the delicacies on offer, savouring the sight of her parted cleft between her strong, creamy thighs.

"Will she let . . ."

I cut Stan's question short, well anticipated as they say.

"If she does, it'll be with me," I stipulate. "This has cost me the last of my juice."

"Ah, come on," they chorus.

"No!" I say firmly. "When you get your own, you can call the tune. 'I've proved my point, and now gentlemen, I'd appreciate a modicum of privacy."

We look back at the girl.

She's stark naked now, lying on the sofa, caressing herself and looking decidely ready.

"You want us to go? Now?"

"Especially now," I say.

"But the juice? How can we get some?" They're all converts now. Even Barney is ready to shell out a week's wages.

"Be patient," I say to the girl and usher my companions across the room, noting a certain reluctance on their part to vacate.

"I'll have to replenish my supply," I admit. "I don't mind getting some for you, but if you get caught with it, you don't mention my name. Okay?" "Okay," they chorus and I usher them out of the flat. "I'll be in touch."

"Within two minutes, I should think," quips Stan.

And, of course, he's absolutely right.

I'm on the sofa in seconds and running my hands over that delightful body, squeezing her breasts and teasing her nipples, pinching the cheeks of her bottom affectionately and questing with my finger in the warm crevice of her crotch. (I haven't actually got nine hands, it just seems that way, and she's certainly not complaining.)

She fumbles with my belt, works my trousers down and starts doing naughty things with *my* crotch. And it's just about now that words start to fail me . . . and I'm quite . . . sure . . . you'll understand . . . if my story . . .

* * *

It's Saturday lunchtime.

I have been busy but I'm not running too late, and Barney, Ted and Stan are waiting at the appointed place, on the bench by the canal.

"Did you get it?" asks Ted, who looks as if he's been up all night.

"Yes," I reply, glancing behind me to make sure I haven't been tailed.

"Come on then. Let's have it."

"Let's see your money first," I insist. I mean, I haven't known these guys long enough to trust them with credit facilities.

Out comes the money, fifty quid apiece. I

'Miss Doyle! That's not another love bite is it?'

pocket it and dish out the bottles, keeping an eye out for the law.
"Now remember," I explain, "you only need a couple of drops to make it work and whatever you do, don't get caught."
"No chance," assures Stan. "My freedom suddenly means a lot to me."
"Okay," I agree. "I'll see you lads at work on Monday. Have a good weekend."
We part according to our pre-arranged plan, dispersing in different directions. I head for home, habitual caution making me look back at regular intervals, but it looks like I'm in the clear.
I enter the flat.
It looks even more sparse than usual.
Helen is sitting on the bed. Beside her are two large cases.
"Well?" she says.
"Done," I say. "I've just left Barney, Stan and Ted. I went to see the lads at the Black Lion before them and the bloke from the rugby club first thing."
"How many did he take?"
"Ten bottles," I say with a broad and affluent smile. "He plans to put a mark up on them and flog them to the team."
"I thought there were fifteen in a rugby team," says Helen.
"There are," I confirm, "but he obviously knows his market. Know what I mean?"
"So, we'd better start making tracks?" she suggests.
"Extremely fast," I add.
She stands up and fastens her coat.
"You know, I think next time we pull this, you should have an Afghan hound with you. I really felt that was missing last night. That final touch of class."
"Stop talking. Start walking," she urges.
"But the punk outfit was absolutely perfect," I persist.
She's out of the front door and down the steps and I'm after her in a trice, walking briskly towards the station, eyes peeled . . .
The train is flying northwards, eating up the long miles, and we're safe.
Helen has gone to the girls' room at the end of the corridor and I'm engaged in close conversation with a very respectable-looking gentleman whose furtive glances at Helen's thighs have betrayed some less than respectable thoughts.
"And you really mean that this potion will have that effect?" he says.
"Every time," I say.
"Good gracious me. You wouldn't be able to provide proof of that?"
"No problem" I reply. "Tell you what, the next bird that passes along that corridor, I'll give you a demonstration."
His eyes are sparkling with anticipation, as well they might.
I know for a fact that the next likely-looking girl we see will be wearing a leather jacket, leather skirt and dark tights.
"Here comes one now," says my new-found friend, visibly twitching with excitement.
"There's so much of it about," he reflects.
"Yes isn't there," I yawn.
The compartment door slides back and in she comes, giving us both contemptuous glances before sinking into a window seat and crossing her legs.
Ah well, here we go again . . .

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LETTERS

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an enemy battleship's spotter planes in air-to-air combat. True they might have been called 'fighters' but their original designation was as a Fighter Dive-Bomber and as such fitted well into the Navy's other tactic. At this time, the Navy still considered the big gun capital ship as the Fleet's prime unit. The role of the carrier and its aircraft were subordinate to them. The carrier was used to launch torpedo strikes against enemy capital units in order to slow them down thus allowing the British battle line to engage them. The *Bismark* action was a prime example.

The Skua was intended to accompany the torpedo bombers as a strike escort with the dual role of anti-aircraft suppression against the guns of the surface escort screen and anti-carrier operations by strafing aircraft whilst they were on the flight deck. These operations were intended to give the torpedo bombers a relatively easy run into the main targets, the capital ships. This role was enhanced by the Skua's dive-bombing capacity.

N B, Wolverhampton

As I have read and learned from your latest issue of the *Mayfair* Magazine it encourages and inspires me much in writing your good office to ask some of the information regarding these matters.

Would it be possible if you could send it in this country (Saudi Arabia).

I am very much discontented for I only read regarding Victoria Principal's appearance in one of your previous releases, as what was stated here in one of the senders of the *Mayfair* Magazine, that he inspires much of Victoria Principal's appearance for she is everything. It is one of my interests for I also see her in the *Dallas TV* show every week-end. I am very much interested of the said issue if I have seen Victoria Principal's appearance, especially when she it totally bold (naked). She is one of my Inspirants here while I see her in *Dallas* TV show.

ML, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia .

Sorry, we're told Mayfair *is not allowed in Saudi Arabia. We thought the anguish in your letter would make other readers appreciate just how lucky they are.*

I was very interested to read the letter from L L, Newbury (Vol 17 No 1). I am pleased to hear of somebody else who has taken the hygienic step of shaving off all the pubic hair both from himself and his girlfriend. I have never had pubic hair myself. When it started to grow, it was shaved off by my father or mother who were both nudists and had also been shaved since puberty, both around the genitals and under the arms. I thoroughly recommend it. Let's see more pictures of shaven girls in the magazine, if possible.

JM, Ilford

I have just finished reading Vol 17 No 1 and thought I must write to congratulate you on such a superb issue – especially the pictures of Samantha, Charlotte and Frankie. If Samantha will go out with anyone who buys her a Bucks Fizz, tell her to contact me!

I too had an experience at work on New Year's Day. We opened the shop for the Bank Holiday with only our temporary/casual staff to work there. Amongst those was a girl called Alison (name changed). She was an attractive 18-year-old student whom a lot of the younger staff fancy like mad. I hadn't paid much attention to her myself – until just the other day.

I was working in the store-room checking the stock when Alison volunteered to help me. I jumped at the chance – to tell the truth I was still half-drunk from New Year's Eve. After about half an hour she said she would check the stock on the top shelf, so she climbed the steps whilst I had the checklist at the bottom. To my surprise I discovered when I looked up that she was not wearing anything under her short skirt. I could see her trim backside, with dark pubic hair sprouting in front. I could sense my erection rising like a railway signal. What surprised me even more was that she suddenly asked, 'Do you like it?' I mumbled a quick reply and before I knew it she was down the ladder with her arms around my neck. We staggered backwards on to a pile of packing on the floor and flopped onto it. Alison started removing my trousers while I pulled myself out of my jacket and shirt. Soon I had only my briefs on and they couldn't hide what lay beneath. I lay back and watched her undress, then she fell on top of me, taking my erection between her lips and within seconds I was coming into her mouth. She then rolled over onto her back and I gave her a good seeing to.

We stood up and re-arranged our clothes. Just as we had finished one of the shop floor assistants came into the stock-room to collect some wall-paper. Little did they know that if they had come in earlier they would have seen the Department Manager rogering a sales assistant!

I P, Stockport

As a regular reader of your magazine I noticed a letter that appeared in Vol 17 No 1 from a 65-year-old man and his wife who still enjoy a good lay. He goes on to say that his wife was a cook and how they had plenty of sex before they married. When I saw it, I thought that it had to be me! I too married a cook and did we have sex! We too had four kids and whilst we are a little older than 65, believe me, we still enjoy plenty of screwing. There must be others like us, so let's have a feature on older girls, say 25–40 years old.

HC, Hayes

Who says retirement can get boring? It must be all that food she cooks for you. No wonder we have to give up our seats to you OAP's on the bus – you need it!

During my holidays from college, I was working for a firm of roofing merchants. As the secretary, Jill (name changed) lived in the same village as me, she always gave me a lift home every night. I often read my newspaper on the way and it was on one of these lifts home, I had a memorable experience.

When I opened my bag to get my newspaper, Jill noticed a copy of *Mayfair* I had brought in that morning.

'Do you enjoy reading *those* magazines?' she asked.

I nodded, of course.

'What do you like in them?'

'Well,' I replied, 'I find it fascinating looking at women's bodies and imagining things I could do with them.' I was quite open with Jill, as whilst I am quite shy, I have known her for some time.

'I bet I have as nice a body as any of those dolly-birds in there,' she said provocatively.

'Oh you have, have you?' I encouraged.

'Would you like to make a comparison?' she said and pulled off the road onto a country woodland track. We reclined the seats and she began.

She slipped out of her velour jacket and let it fall and then she unzipped her tight jeans and peeled them from her slender legs. After that she unbuttoned her blouse and removed it.

By this time, I had taken off my shirt and was only wearing

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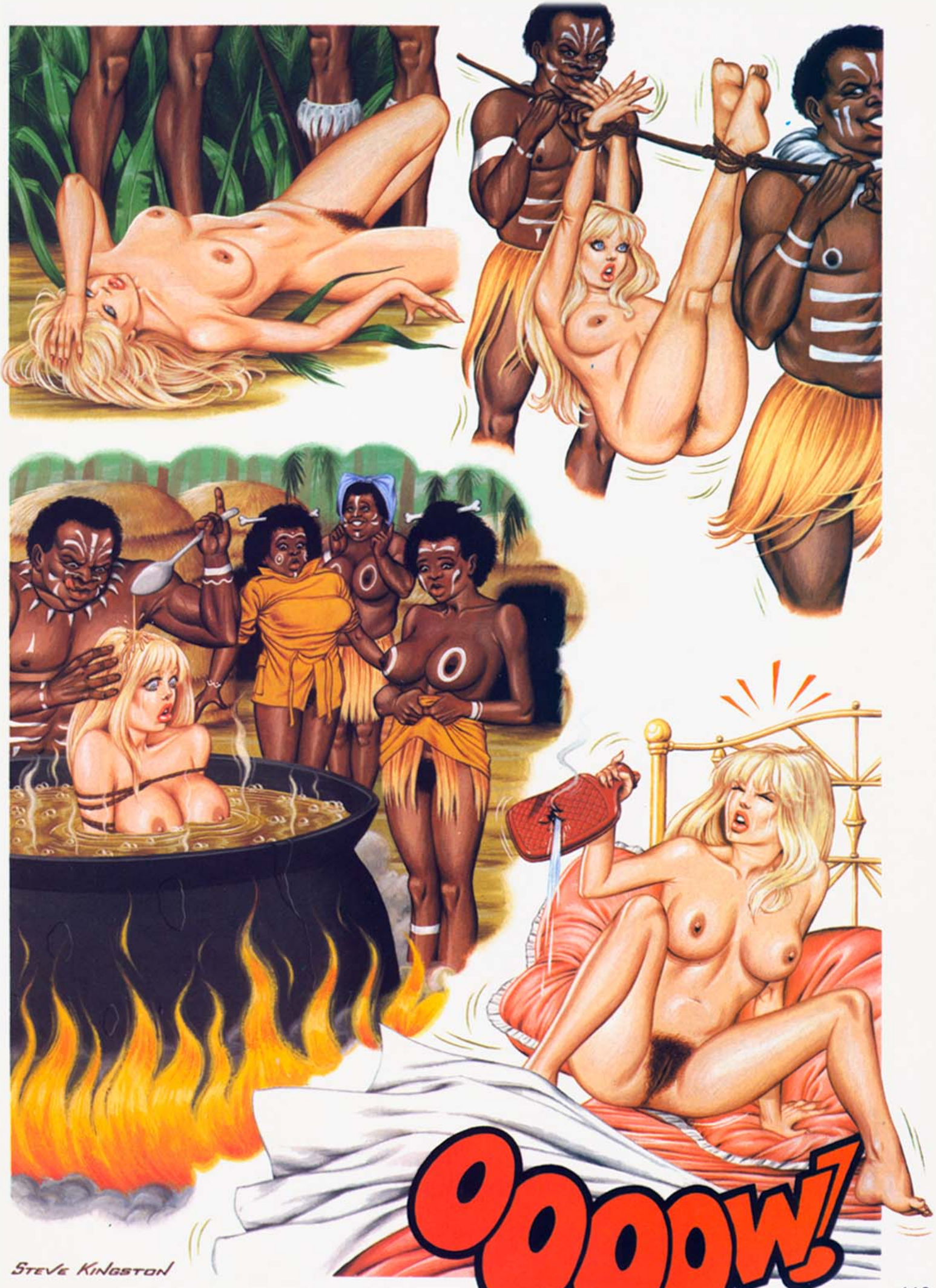
CARRIE

A jungle book at bedtime has Carrie the hunter in hot water



STEVE KINGSTON

LETTERS

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trousers. They had an enormous bulge in them by now and Jill kindly unzipped me with her manicured hands and eased me out, accidentally catching the tender skin underneath with her sharp nails.

Then she began to unfasten her tight pink brassiere. Her 36C breasts flung out like great orbs. I admired them and began nuzzling my head in her cleft, rubbing her large nipples. Jill pushed me away and lay back, pulling down her skimpy pink knickers. I quickly removed my underpants and we went into a deep, exploring kiss before I moved down to her fanny. I pushed in two fingers and rubbed her button, but Jill took them out and pushed me onto my back. She moved up, so that I could explore her with my tongue and then down again to lower her mouth onto my rock-hard penis. She could suck and blow with perfection and I was on the verge of coming but I wanted to save my climax for the proper location.

She let go of me and lay down with her legs apart. Carefully I slid it into her and began to pump up and down as she craved for more. Seconds later we both climaxed but stayed in position for several minutes to recover.

She then fell asleep in my arms before taking me home about dawn.

JC, Huddersfield

If that can happen just carrying one copy of the magazine, it makes you wonder how our deliverymen stand it!

I cannot honestly say that I am an ardent reader of men's magazines but as and when the opportunity presents itself, I do indulge myself.

However, the more that I read them, the more I am annoyed at the fantasies that your correspondents have; even more so when the editors go to great pains to point out that the letters are genuine and only the names changed in some incidents to hide the writer's identity.

I can claim to have travelled about a bit, having spent five years in the RAF, half of that time in Gibraltar. Yet I can honestly say that the only females I have met who are as sexually liberated as yours claim to be are prostitutes.

I have never met anybody who walked into a public house, set his sights on the first bird that caught his fancy and managed to 'screw it' half an hour later. Nor have I met anyone who has walked into the local park, spotted a lonely, lovely-looking girl just there for the taking.

I have no doubt that orgies take place amongst people who know each other reasonably well (although I must add that I have never attended such a function) but I have the greatest difficulty believing stories such as the man and wife out for a drive, picking up another girl or man and indulging in all kinds of sexual activities.

I have also been involved in show business for the past five years and for part of that time drove exotic dancers around the North East and only once did I 'score' with any of them. My experience is, especially with the strippers, their outlook was simply to get to the venue, do the show and go home.

Please don't think that I am naive – or for that matter 'gay' (I have been married for 21 years). I am quite sure that this sort of sexual activity goes on all around my 'small world' but I cannot bring myself to believe that it goes on to the extent that you would have us believe.

In fact I will be quite blunt about it. I have come to the conclusion that the majority of your so-called correspondence is written by your editorial staff. Who else would have the gift of putting experiences across in such a way and expect us – the great gullible public to believe such fantasies take place.

K Hodgkins, Tyne and Wear

Very flattering, sir, but you are mistaken as printing your letter proves. I assure you that we have no need to make up our letters. I'm glad to say they come in by the hundred. What we cannot check, of course, in most cases is the total truth of the incidents described. However, on several occasions girls mentioned in these letters have come forward to identify themselves. The celebrated 'bottom flashing' by girls on the M4 was a classic example.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ

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